

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The *Globe* hit upon a novel idea the other day when it expressed wonder that no one had proposed the levying of an admission fee at murder trials. The large attendance at the Williams murder trial and the fact that the ladies came in the morning, carrying lunches, and held their seats all day, suggested the idea. The Hooper trial at Joliette, if a fair fee had been charged, would have yielded almost enough to recoup the Crown for the cost of prosecution. It would be quite safe to base the prospects of such a scheme upon the turnout of the Brampton and Joliette people, for the people, and especially the ladies, in those two localities are no more curious than elsewhere. The scheme might be perfected still further, however. A plan of the court room, wherein a murder trial or an inquest was about to occur, might be exposed in a public place and a portion of the seats sold in advance and reserved

most holy men who cross the boundary line; but it is a source of revenue, and if people through the joint influence of witnessing hangings and eluding the customs become too demoralized, we have jails ready for them—and plenty of hemp, for that matter. When one reflects upon the thousands of dollars that the Province might have realized out of the Birchall case, had a judicious scale of admission fees been charged and everything thrown open to ticket-holders from the first day of the inquest until the body was cut down and coffined, it forces one to think that the hour of the Mowat Government has indeed come at last. The elections should be fought out on this issue. It is the biggest question in Ontario politics. Adopt the idea, levy a tax on curiosity, make murder trials and hangings a source of revenue rather than of unqualified expense, and direct taxation will be driven into the indefinite future. All shedders of blood will vie with each other

told, "even down to half a dozen pairs of patched socks."

This whole idea is an inspiration. Its possibilities intoxicate the intellect of the political economist.

No doubt many sentimental people, unmindful of the exigencies of government, knowing nothing about the value of a totally new source of revenue, will oppose this plan. But they are not consistent and their views are unworthy of respect. They enter no protest against having murder trials open to as many of the public as can crowd within sight or sound; they make no attempt to stop those foolish people who crowd around the condemned cell with bouquets and delicacies; they do not shun, but they seek, those daily papers that revel in the bloody details of every fast recurring horror, that print ghastly portraits of the victims, gory pictures of the scene of the

feeling in regard to him was envy of his fame. It is glory even to remember him by his blind eye.

A good man will strive all his days to win the attention of his fellows and perhaps fail at last; a bad man will attract attention with one stroke of a knife. There are, of course, two kinds of fame—there are also two kinds of men. The judicial procedure and journalistic methods of the day fail to take proper account of the latter fact. Unless murder trials and executions are to become public entertainments and a source of revenue to the State, they should be made less accessible to the masses and should be conducted with less clamor. The bad man should be unable to enjoy renown through an atrocious deed; his trial and punishment should be swift and, as far as the public are concerned, secret. The excuse for holding such trials in public is long out of date. When religious persecutions and

that it did not believe in dwelling upon such things, but there are some mean enough to suggest that its sudden accretion of virtue was owing to an unexpected hitch in its telegraphic arrangements on the day of the execution. But this statement is malicious and not worthy of belief.

The P. P. A. has been holding a convention this week in Hamilton, and, judging from the circulars sent out by the leaders of the movement, it was feared that the bunco-men of the Ambitious City would fleece some of the guileless delegates of their portentous secrets. In fact, so tragically solemn was the warning imposed upon each delegate to watch for the insidious attacks of "the enemy," that there seemed to be a fear lest someone would even go so far as to seize a hairy delegate from the remote woods, kill him, skin him, and, encoined within the ample hide so violently and dishonestly acquired, work his false way into



THE READING MAGDALEN.

Painted by Baffoni (1864-1887) Original in Dresden Gallery.

at fancy prices. A plain, uneventful murder might be advertised at popular prices, at the discretion of the County Crown Attorney. After a prisoner is condemned to be hanged, a fee of one dollar might be charged for the privilege of calling and seeing him in his cell, and the fee might be doubled during the last forty-eight hours. But the great, howling, popular success would be the execution. Reserved seats would bring five dollars, the bleachers two, while standing room outside the ropes would be eagerly bought up at one dollar. The official announcement of a scale of fees would at once make attendance at hangings as respectable as attendance at murder trials or operas, and regular lines of murder gowns and murder millinery would come in. To attend executions would become quite the rage.

The making of such affairs public has in the past been declared demoralizing, but those who originated this view failed to see in it a source of revenue to the State. It is maintained by some pernicious people that the system of espionage and customs plunder along the frontiers of the country is demoralizing, in that it begets deception in even the

in their efforts to commit intricate and sensational crimes: it will become the ambition of an assassin's life to do, in the end, a deed of such surpassing horror that the total gate receipts at his trial and execution will reach a sum that subsequent criminals will endeavor in vain to out-finance. When times of stringency arise one member of a government can go to Europe to float loans, while the others can remain at home hatching shrewd diabolisms in the poison or dirk line for patriots to undertake, and thus the crisis could be skillfully tided over.

Another means of making revenue out of murders was exploited by the Australian authorities when the personal effects of Deeming, the wife murderer, were sold at public auction. The morbidly minded citizens of Melbourne bid eagerly for souvenirs of that unrivaled scoundrel. The axe and knife with which his crimes were committed brought twenty-three dollars, the spade with which he buried his victims brought five dollars, but the best prices were secured for his pieces of jewelry, of which he had been vulgarly fond. "His clothing was eagerly bid for," we are

tragedy, portraits of the murderers and endless columns of details from day to day. Sentimental people will say that to throw courts and jails and gallows open to all those who will pay an admission fee would have a demoralizing effect upon the people. True, but is not the present practice as demoralizing as anything well could be? They will say that such an arrangement would make criminals as much sought after as great actors, and the glamor of the thing would tempt the weak into crime. True again, but does not the present practice give the criminal a fame and a seeming greatness very desirable to a certain grade of imperfect minds? The Minister of Police in Paris has requested the newspapers to refrain from writing up the careers and publishing the portraits of condemned anarchists, as he, after investigation, has concluded that this practice has multiplied the number of bomb-throwers, that class of people being willing to risk their lives and do any destruction and murder in order to win newspaper notoriety. I have personally heard some of the larger street arabs of Toronto wrangling as to which of them were chummiest with Walker, one of the prisoners charged with the Williams murder, and it seemed as though their only

political persecutions were to be feared, when one-manism was scheming and plotting by artful means to prevent its final destruction, then there existed an excuse for public trials. Publicity of trial was the citizen's safeguard against improper arrest and undeserved death. No such safeguard is needed in Canada to-day, for never again can one man or one interest secure possession of the whole apparatus of justice.

It is useless to expect the newspapers to reform from within. If any change occurs the law must enforce it. Detectives must be prohibited from hiving around newspaper offices as they have too long done, trading their clues and theories for personal puffs. Nothing electrifies a city editor like the first intimation of a jolly good murder. The best man on the staff is given the assignment, ordered to spare no expense or time, but to get in two or three columns about the case and make a good story out of it. A reporter would rather be given charge of a big murder case than be nominated for Parliament. When Luckey was hanged at Brockville lately, *The Star* was, I think, the only paper in Toronto that did not make a big splurge over the hanging. That paper declared

the inner chamber of the order, where the grinning skull presides and where backsliders are cremated. One thing is certain, the order is engineered with a skill almost human in its intelligence, otherwise the convention might have been held in Toronto, where the daily newspaper men, to gain admission, would have resorted to the device outlined above if milder measures failed.

Those who read the papers are struck with the growing numbers of wife-beating cases that come up all over the country. When times are hard such cases are most frequent, and it is very probable that laborers out of employment are barged at by their wives owing to the emptiness of the cupboards, and at last answer with their fists. The majority of women who come up accusing their husbands of assault are not charming creatures. They often have the faces of vixens. But no matter, wives must not be beaten. It is said that there is an alarming frequency of cases in which, after information has been laid and the husband arrested, the wife, either through fear of future trouble or of immediate starvation for self and children, will commit perjury by swearing that he did not strike

her at all, that he is the best of husbands and the kindest of fathers. The man is discharged, they depart together; a month later another beating, another arrest, more perjury and another release. The fact is that when a woman is tied up to a man who gets drunk and assaults her, there is nothing for her to do but submit to the ill-usage until he perhaps kills her in the end. She cannot get a divorce, for even though she has evidence enough to free her, divorce in Canada is only for the rich. The principle of divorce is immoral, so immoral that in this Dominion you cannot get one for much less than one thousand dollars. If she has her husband arrested for beating her, he is sent to jail for thirty or ninety days and she and her children starve until he comes out. When he gets out his first object is to get even with her, without again falling into the hands of the police, so he leads her a terrible life. What but perjury, and misery unrelieved, can be bred by such a system? In Germany they have recently introduced a system more sensible than ours. When a man is convicted of beating his wife he is allowed to continue his work, is looked after by the police and arrested every Saturday and locked up until Monday morning, when he is again delivered over to his employer. His wages are given to his wife. If he won't work he is taken to jail and does not find a garden of roses. He has to work in jail harder than outside, and is glad to work outside under occasional surveillance until his term expires. The more one studies this plan the more sensible it seems.

Assistant City Solicitor Caswell, after careful deliberation, reported to the Council that the motion reducing the salaries of all civic employees was illegal. The other civic servants whose salaries were pulled down by that motion will probably concur with Mr. Caswell's expert opinion. It is charming to find such an unerring knowledge of the law pervading every branch of our municipal service. This harmonious incident suggests that perhaps we do not need an expensive City Solicitor at all. In matters not affecting those in the city employ, we might get our legal advice from our various opponents in litigation. Mr. Caswell's opinion seems undeniably sound on the face of it, but a lawyer who could not find several flaws in a motion knocking five hundred dollars off his own salary would be a sad reproach to his profession.

The action of Mr. David Henderson, M. P. for Halton, in having Miss Goodenow deposed from the management of the Georgetown post-office, and then bringing his juvenile son from Acton to fill the lucrative position, has something cold and clammy about it. The honorable member for Halton must feel that he can hold his constituency after committing any outrage, or else he must feel that he will lose his constituency at an early day and must therefore rake in all he can reach without loss of time. The latter is the likelihood. Mr. Goodenow, grown invalid in the postmastership, had for a year left the work entirely in charge of his daughter, who had long been his efficient assistant. It might have been the decent thing to have let matters stand undisturbed for, at least, the doubtful period of the old postmaster's life. To disturb things at all was crime enough, but to bring a schoolboy from Acton and appoint him postmaster at Georgetown was a piece of calm effrontery that can scarcely be paralleled even in the hallowed Toryism of twenty-five years ago. It is incredible that the Postoffice Department had a knowledge of the facts when the Georgetown dismissal and appointment were sanctioned. Mr. Henderson, M. P., must have hypnotized the Department. He will display great faith in his hypnotic powers if he again faces the constituents of Halton as a candidate.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The much anticipated Cricketers' Ball came off with due éclat in the Pavilion on Wednesday evening, and proved a very well directed and enjoyable affair. The floor was in excellent order and the hall not too crowded at any time for comfort. The motif of decorations was decidedly inspired by the sport and club, to which the event owed its inception, red and green, the colors of the Toronto Cricket Club, being the dominant shades. Each pillar bore the name of a sister club and was decked in appropriate and emblematical fashion. The Upper Canada College rendezvous was evidently a favorite, closely followed by Trinity, and a crowd were always to be found at these pillars. The stage was comfortably fitted up as a boudoir with handsome fauteuils and easy-chairs and there were congregated Toronto's handsome matrons and many an experienced cavalier. The uniforms of the various city regiments, among which the Bonnie Kilts were very much en vogue, were dotted here and there amid the galaxy of satin and chiffon, velvet and lace in which our women array themselves for the distraction of their escorts. From Stanley Barracks came Col. Otter, in scarlet tunic; Col. Turnbull, in hussar black and gold; Major and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. Laurie, Mr. McLean of Penny-cross, who looked stunning in Highland garb. The Queen's Own have not been very assertive this season, in a social way. Colonel Hamilton was present on Wednesday. The handsome colonel of the Body Guard and two or three of the officers were also on hand in the effective uniform of their corps. Mrs. Strange and Lehmann wore the scarlet. Mr. Stewart Houston won golden opinions for his very tactful and successful discharge of onerous duties, and proved a model secretary. A very good orchestra rendered capital music. The supper was a la fourchette. Not a knife was visible on Webb's handsome table, and the menu was excellent, though not of the heavy order; oyster soup, salads (the latter unusually well made) and every possible dainty of jellied viands and fine sweets, with very fair sauternes cup and honest ale for beverages. A tea and ice cream buffet was going all the evening. The conservatory was dark and the temperature thereof was decidedly chilly, but we are brave spirits in Toronto and the fear of la grippe is not in us! The quadrille of honor was not formed until half-past ten,

which made the ball rather a late affair. Those dancing in this set were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Street, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Major Cosby, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Lord Ava, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Judge Street, Colonel Otter, Colonel Turnbull, Colonel Davidson, Captain Urquhart, and Mr. Stewart Houston. As to the gowns, the fashion and the hue of them were unusually rich and artistic and the general effect brilliant. The experienced eye at once decides on the word to describe such an assembly. There is sure to be a dominant tone, be it quaint, original, sombre or dowdy. We have seen them all in the past, but a new era of freshness and chic seems to have dawned. Certainly the gowns of this season are a treat to the eye. A few of the most successful were the rich gold-colored satin with mink fur worn by the ever-gracious mistress of Government House; Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's white *moiré* with soft front and *berthe* of silver-spangled *crêpe*; Miss Hendrie, who, with Captain Hendrie, was a very welcome Hamilton guest, wore a white accordion-pleated gown, with full falling sleeves; Mrs. Lybome was in royal blue velvet, with diamonds; her lovely daughter, Miss Wallis, was in turquoise blue. One expects a picturesque gown sometimes, and Miss Marjorie Campbell's changeable satin with wide, long sleeves and quaint white *chiffon* flounces thereon was an echo of fifty years ago and admirably suited her mobile and charming face; Mrs. Bunting was a true *grande dame* with lovely snowy *coiffure* and velvet dress, filled in at the neck with white, and vastly becoming; Mrs. Arthurs gave no sign of the busy days of hospitality she has seen this week, but in her dignified and stately black velvet gown was gracious and interested; Mrs. Drayton, a much sought chaperone, was in salmon brocade, with cameo ornaments; Mrs. Osler wore black with jet and white point lace; Mrs. Eber Ward was in blue brocade and dotted tulle, with French pink roses and diamonds; Mrs. Davidson wore turquoise blue *faité*; Mrs. Gibson was in pale striped silk and Mrs. Cameron in white; Mrs. John Wright looked well in *vieux rose* brocade and dainty lace; a couple of young hostesses, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne in white satin with *berthe* of rare lace and a pink rose in her pretty *coiffure*, and Mrs. Lount of Kemegaraugh in white with *berthe* and frills of canary were much admired; Mrs. Kingsmill wore a gown of rich cream *faité*; Mrs. Street was in blue of a very sweet and becoming shade; Mrs. Alfred Hoskins looked handsome in a black gown with lace; Mrs. Murray, nee Walker, a bride of the past year, wore a striking gown of pale and myrtle green; Mrs. Coll wore a black velvet, ermine bordered, and a very handsome lace *berthe*; Mrs. Henry Cawthra looked remarkably handsome in velvet and some lovely diamonds; Mrs. Macbray was a picture; Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane wore pink *faité* with black passementerie; Mrs. Simonds of Charleston was in a daring combination of rose pink with deep rose ribbons, with wide skirt drapery of fine lace; Mrs. Candee was charming in white with *crêpe berthe*; Mrs. Charles Long wore a pretty shrimp pink gown of striped gauze; Mrs. Cockburn was very elegantly gowned. One of the most striking and beautiful gowns worn was Mrs. Boulton's black lace, embroidered with beetles' wings in the fashion of the far Orient. The glowing emerald and copper tints of the oval wings were most charming and effective. Mrs. Walter Barwick was, as usual, sweetly gowned in white silk and lace; Mrs. T. G. Blackstock wore white silk; Mrs. Brouse was in black with velvet bodice. Among the young people were several visitors, Miss Caron and Miss Camby of Ottawa, Miss Laridon of New York, in a quaint *coiffure* and gown of *vieux rose* brocade; Miss Houston of Niagara, in clear pink silk; Miss Nora Clench, in white and yellow, who with some of the season's debutantes, Miss Audrey Allen of Moss Park, Miss Brouse, Miss Harris, Miss Leah, and several others, gave added interest to this very pleasant evening. Miss Bunting wore pale blue, severely plain and doing full justice to her fine complexion and figure; Miss Rordan was gowned in lustrous and very delicately tinted satin

and looked lovely; Miss Arthurs was in a dainty heliotrope gown, prettily cascaded with *chiffon* frills; Miss Dannistoun looked charming in pink; her sister wore light blue; a pretty little frock was Miss Ethel Read's, of turquoise gauze and silver. But space fails to describe the many, and it suffices to chronicle the fact that the second annual dance of the Toronto Cricket Club was a very decided and delightful success.

Mr. C. W. Chadwick of Rat Portage, president of the Board of Trade and of the Young Conservative Association of that place, was in Toronto this week.

The handsome residence of Mrs. T. G. Foster of Bloor street east showed many twinkling lights on Thursday week, it being the occasion of a very large young people's dance given in honor of the elder daughter of the house, who is a pupil at the Bishop Bethune College of Oshawa, and Miss Violet McMillan of Oshawa. From the early hour of eight dancing on the linen-covered floors was heartily indulged in by nearly a hundred beaux and belles of the future, while cosy corners were plentifully provided for those preferring to be *en tête-à-tête*. Mrs. Foster wore a pretty light-hued evening silk and assiduously looked after the welfare of her guests; Miss May Foster was charmingly pretty and girlish in a pure white silk frock, and won many golden opinions for her entertaining powers; her sister, Miss Daisy, was a dainty little dame, also garbed in white silk; Miss Florence Howard wore white muslin with touches of green; Miss Winnie Warwick, white with dainty blue ribbons; Miss Beatrice Parsons was pretty and *petite* in cream-colored silk; Miss Florence Evans looked like a dark-eyed fairy in a sweet white frock; Miss Kennedy was much admired in pink; Miss May Reid, in pure white *faité*, with soft baby ribbon trimmings, looked charming; Miss Aileen Britton wore white and Miss Winnie Eckhardt white, with delicate green. Others present were: Messrs. Glen Macdonald, Jack Roaf, Dick and M. Fahy, Drew Smith, Duncan Henderson, Ruby Morley and Arthur Williams of Oshawa, and many others.

The meet of the Driving Club was postponed last week out of respect to the memory of Mrs. Boulton, mother of Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, where the rendezvous had been arranged for. This afternoon's drive will close with a re-union at Government House.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave a very large progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening, at which most of the distinguished visitors now in the city were present. Two of the lady visitors carried off the first and second prizes, and a complete novice one of the gentlemen's prizes.

Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood gave a large and brilliant dinner for the Earl of Ava on Tuesday evening, followed by a dance.

Mrs. Montizambert gave a very large and elegant tea on Wednesday afternoon, at which all that is smart in Toronto society was represented.

Last Saturday was the date of a very interesting wedding at St. John's church, Portland street, when Miss Ida Powell was made Mrs. Meharg. The chancel was crowded with guests and spectators. Rev. Mr. Williams performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were sweetly gowned in pale pink and pale blue respectively, and carried silver Watteau crooks wreathed with ribbons. The bride, in a very elegant robe of ivory satin, was attended by a small maid of honor and two smart little pages in very fetching suits. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the paternal residence to offer congratulations and see the bride off. A very large number of beautiful gifts were on view, including a piano, a silver service, a clock from Mr. Meharg's fellow employees, a cheque from the bride's mother, silver, china and many exquisite art gems from various friends, Mayor Kennedy and ex-Mayor Clarke among the number. Mr. and Mrs. Meharg left for a tour south on the afternoon train.

Mrs. Blackstock arranged a dinner party for



THE GOVERNOR'S LOYAL SUBJECT.

The New Year's card sent out by Lieut. Governor MacIntosh.

Wednesday evening which numbered over thirty guests. The pretty dining-room at Cedarhurst seemed to some inadequate for seating such a number, but the happy faculty possessed by the hostess contrived the perfect distribution of the guests by seating fourteen at the circular dining table proper, and the remainder at quartette tables. The main table was a *motif* in pink, and the four quartette tables were in violet, pale green, white and yellow, with appropriate floral garniture. The guests included the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the Earl of Ava, Captain Urquhart, Colonel Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Candee, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mrs. Eber Ward, the Misses Arthurs, Caron, Rordan, Bunting, Bell, Armour, Parsons, Macdonald and Hall, and Messrs. Matthew, Young, G. Boulton, Beardmore, Dallam, Bogart and Cawthra.

Mrs. Carbert Thompson of Grenville street has gone to visit friends in Cleveland for a few weeks.

Miss Burn of Yarker is the guest of Mrs. Charles J. Crowley of St. George street. Miss Burn spent last winter in Toronto.

The young Bachelors' Club give their annual dance on Thursday evening in the beautiful assembly room of the Confederation Life Building, which Foster & Pender are to decorate in most artistic fashion.

Dr. Eleanor Grace Lennox leaves next week for a postgraduate course at Philadelphia Postgraduate School of Homoeopathies.

Major Cosby gave a large dinner party at Maplehyrn on Monday evening for his guests, the Earl of Ava and Captain Urquhart.

Cards are out for the anticipated dance at Mrs. Macdonald's, Wellington street, for Tuesday, February 6, and the merry world will dance into the dawn of the day of ashes.

Osgoode Committee are busy preparing for the much expected dance on Friday next. The number of guests is limited, the invitation committee watchful, and every care has been taken to secure for the guests the utmost enjoyment. Tickets may be had from secretary Geary, Osgoode Hall.

A grand revival of Tennyson's drama Enoch Arden will be given at the Grand on Monday and two following nights by the eminent actor Charles J. Stevenson, supported by Miss Blanche Doris Howard, Miss Amy Huntley and a strong amateur caste, among whom are several society people. This performance is assured of success. On Monday three of the boxes are booked for the Government House party, Sir Casimir Gzowski, and Mrs. Harry Patterson's theater party. On Tuesday Colonel Davidson and party and others have secured them.

Knox College conversazione takes place on February 9.

Canadian Express Company employees give their first annual At Home at Webb's on the evening of February 6.

I regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Margaret Boulton. The deceased lady was one of Toronto's oldest residents, she having first come to this city in the fifties. Mrs. Boulton was of Scottish descent on the maternal side and some of England and Scotland's blue blood flowed in her veins. She was a granddaughter of Colonel John Campbell of Melfort, Argyleshire, a distinguished officer of the Black Watch, and Governor of Fort George, and was of the families of Argyle and Breadalbane. She was niece of the late General Sir Frederick Campbell, Royal Artillery; of Admiral Sir Patrick Campbell, Royal Navy; and of General Sir Colin Campbell, who served on the staff of the Duke of Wellington and was with him in many engagements. This gallant officer wore eleven medals and many orders, and accompanied the Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, to Portugal as adjutant-general. He was Governor of Halifax and Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Caylon. Mrs. Boulton came to this country with her parents in 1833, her father Major Fortye (formerly de Fortie) being on Sir Colin Campbell's staff. He was of the families of Winton and Clermont, Ireland. Mrs. Boulton was a gentle, unassuming lady of the olden school and was much respected and beloved. A son and daughter survive her, Mr. Melfort Boulton and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth.



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Correspondence Solicited...

Last Tuesday Mr. John Leaboutoneh witnessed the marriage of Pauline Olive the Manitoban Assurance Co. Old St. And man. The bride wore a silk gown, with some. Her bridesmaids wore bengaline with white bows. The bride's bouquet was attended to by Laren and V. whist the music respectively. Pauline McK. muslim tricorn Master Athol numerous and assisted in McEwen, and after the wedding left for the Ed.

The hands Willie Eastw. formal and ve

Social and Personal.



Monday evening the most successful and delightful social event of the season took place in the very fine ballroom of the Confederation Life Building. I have remarked several times on the various excellences of this assembly room and wondered how long a time would elapse before its beautiful floor would receive its recognition from some society leader. To Mrs. Blackstock belongs the gratitude of the men and women who enjoy a dance for the sake of dancing as much as for the hours of social chat and badinage or long drawn out and precious *tete a tete* which are preferred by some members of the *beau monde*, for discovering that the Confederation Life Assembly Hall boasts a surface and extent of perfect floor space unequalled by any assembly room in Toronto. The indefatigable mistress of Cedarhurst left no device unemployed to increase the enjoyment and comfort of her guests. All the length of the long corridor was spread with soft rugs and dotted with divans and cosy *tete-a-tete* chairs, while half-a-dozen of the small rooms were transformed into cosy little boudoirs, with rugs, screens and tempting lounging chairs. The decorations were in faint rose pink and proved most effective. Mrs. Blackstock's artistic sense of effect decreed that the three columns which form an open vestibule to the ball-room should remain in the virgin white of their simple and massive proportions, and confined the touches of pink to windows and electric light shades. The corner usually reserved to the orchestra was furnished as a sitting out retreat, and was graced by the stately presence of several *grandes dames*, and an air of luxury and homeliness was added by the pretty shaded lamps and candelabra placed therein. The music, though a trifle loud, was excellent, and the waltzes were in several instances the compositions of the talented hostess. The ranks of the guests were reinforced by several distinguished visitors. Mrs. Blackstock's house party, including Mr. and Mrs. Simonds of Charleston, Mrs. Candee of New York, Miss Bell of London, England, and Mr. Dallam and some dinner guests, with Major Cosby's guests, the Earl of Ava and Captain Urquhart being of the number. *Debutantes* were there in charming gowns and queening it royally over more experienced maidens, with the power only possible to the very lovely, the very well introduced and the very young. Perhaps the two most striking of the many beautiful women present were Mrs. F. C. Moffatt and Miss Arthurs of Ravenswood, whose perfect blonde loveliness was set off by gowns of lustrous white satin, many a *difficile* critic pronouncing them a very dream of fair women. The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, were among the guests. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in a lovely gown of *vieux rose* satin touched with jet and black lace and *tiaira* of diamonds; Miss Kirkpatrick, wearing black satin and *bertha* of pink roses; Mrs. Candee, whose New York hospitalities are a byword, wore a gown of white *moire*, very *chic* in cunning simplicity of fashion, and pearl and diamond jewels; Mrs. Simonds was in faint blue satin brocade with delicate lace and diamonds, pink roses completing a delightful ensemble; Miss Bell wore a quaint gown of shot silk; Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, was in yellow *crepe* with pink rosebuds wreathed on the over dress; Miss Florence Dixon wore pink with a pretty over bodice of black; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was in cream, and carried a bunch of *jacquemont* roses; Mrs. Arthur's gown was one of the handsomest among many unusually well costumes; Mrs. Eber Ward, in a lovely Paris confection of satin and embroidery; Mrs. Theodore King, in canary color with the season's flower, the violet, nestling in pretty poses among soft folds of *crepe*; Mrs. Forester, in cream *faiile*, and looking very charming; Mrs. Macrae, a picture in black satin and rare lace; in short, almost all Toronto's beauties and a fair proportion, considering the counter attraction of the opening evening at the Athletic Club, of Toronto's most desirable cavaliers were among the hundreds who made merry on this occasion. A pretty feature of the dance was the view from the windows over the twinkling lights of the city across the bay, the exceeding mildness of the weather and the great elevation of the Assembly Room giving many a glimpse of a dusky outlook, new to several and enjoyed by all. The supper, an important matter to the hostess at all events, was a continuation of the triumph in an entertaining line achieved by Mrs. Blackstock, and left nothing lacking to the success of the pink ball.

Last Tuesday week saw the cosy residence of Mr. John Leckie of 38 Earl street crowded with about one hundred friends who had gathered to witness the marriage of his sister-in-law, Miss Pauline Oliver, and Mr. Peter D. MacKinnon, the Manitoba agent of the Confederation Life Assurance Company. Rev. G. M. Milligan of Old St. Andrew's was the officiating clergyman. The bride looked charming in a white silk gown, with veil and natural orange blossoms. Her bridesmaids, Miss Mary Oliver and Miss Annie Slemmin, wore dresses of pink bengaline which were most becoming. The bride's bouquet was of white and those of her attendants of pink roses. Messrs. J. F. MacLaren and W. Rundle were the groomsmen, whilst the maid of honor and the page were respectively the bride's pretty little niece, Pauline McEwen, attired in white dotted muslin trimmed with pink baby ribbon, and Master Athol Stewart. The presents were numerous and handsome. Mrs. Leckie was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. McEwen, another sister of the bride. Shortly after the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for the Eastern States.

The handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Eastwood was the scene of a quite informal and very pleasant gathering on Friday

evening of last week. The lovely hostess is ex-celling herself every year in her hospitality, and the quaint rooms of the charming old Eastwood homestead are admirably suited for entertaining. Progressive euchre was indulged in till a late hour, when dancing took its place. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Ald. and Mrs. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. John Beatty, Miss Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugsdin, Dr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Kimbal, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wellington. The gentleman's first prize was won by Mr. W. S. Brown and the lady's by Mrs. Harris. The favors were very pretty, and many amusing comments were made on the game while discussing the dainty refreshments.

Miss Souter of New York is spending two weeks with her parents on St. Joseph street.

Miss Elsie Croft, B.E. of Rosedale, left on the 4.55 train on Wednesday of last week for Philadelphia, where she will finish her B. O. course.

Miss Electa Anderson of Alexander street entertained a number of young people on Tuesday evening, when a very pleasant time was spent, dancing being the chief amusement. Among those present were: Misses Graham, Susie Graham, Laura Walker, Brickenden, Fanny Brickenden, O'Donnell, Louise Walker, Mrs. Henry, and Messrs. Powell, Anderson, Clark, Dr. Rowan, Herb. Burgess, Walker, Powers, Burson, Stewart and Douglas.

Mrs. Maurice MacFarlane and her little son Harry, who has won many hearts by his quaint manners, are convalescing from a severe attack of grippe.

Mr. A. Lanton McAllister gave a pleasant theater party last week. Among those present were: Lieut. Gilmour, Q. O. R., Mr. Gilbert Royce, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Alfred C. Dobell of Quebec.

Last Monday evening a number of musical people and their friends drove to Lambton to give a concert in connection with St. George's church. Among those who assisted in the programme were: Mrs. Dorsett Birchall, whose sweet contralto voice delighted the large audience, and who was prettily gowned in Nile green with coral pink *faiile*; Miss Kendrick of London, Eng., Miss Victoria Mason, Miss Flora Craig, Prof. Arlidge, Mr. F. Mason, the Zingara Quartette and Mr. H. Musson, who all acquitted themselves in a most acceptable manner. At the close of the entertainment the performers and a few friends were invited to Mrs. (Dr.) Cotton's, where they spent a few merry hours in an impromptu dance, which was followed by a dainty supper, and it was not until the small hours that the happy party reached the city again.

The rumored dance in Rosedale has taken definite shape. Mrs. Joseph Cavthra of Guiseley House having issued cards for the event, which will take place on Monday evening.

Skating parties are numerous at the various rinks and some very fetching costumes are to be seen. An extremely smart jacket worn by the dainty daughter of a retired military man is especially *chic*.

Mrs. Davidson Braide of North street and Miss Kate MacLeod of Parkhill are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Moorehouse of London, Ont.

Miss Strouger of 413 Carlton street has gone to Montreal to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. A. J. Flint.

A most delightful and interesting club was formed in November by about a dozen bright and cultured ladies on the west side, known as the Travel Club. Italy has been the country through which these clever women have traveled, by means of essays, contributed by the members from every point of view during the early winter. January is devoted to Venice, Vienna, Prag, Dresden and Berlin, and *la belle Paris* is the February tour. Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. Atkins, and the Misses Hill, Scott, Parsons, Morgan, Skae, Kendrick, Cousens, Proudfoot and Shanklin are the members of this original and interesting organization.

Mrs. (Dr.) McArthur of Berlin is the guest of the Misses McClung of Church street.

Mrs. Dick of Bloor street west entertained a few friends in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Lala Hamilton, who is on her way to Leipzig to spend the winter. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis, Mr. Field, Miss Leckie, Mr. Hirschfelder and others.

Handsome furs are a feature this winter. Here it is warm, worn as only a perfect complexion permits; there stately sable tails,

TO THE HOOSIER POET:

A greeting to Riley on the publication of his new book, "Poems Here at Home."

MCKENNA, JOHN P.,
Bookseller, 80 Yonge St.

'Bout onct a year Jim Riley writes a book o' verse ter sell,
An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes it mighty well;
His poems are plain 'nd common, like the folk 'emselves, I guess,
With a dreamin' music in 'em 'nd a sorter tenderness.
'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it some-
h w beat in time
With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of his rhyme;
So you who like the poetry you c'n read 'nd think about
Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got a new book out.

—From "Life."

adorning the sumptuous mantle of a society leader, or bordering a faint-tinted brocade reception gown, and, most effective of all, forming a spotted and striped cloak, for one of the few women who have the carriage and the appearance to wear the lordly leopard skin.]

Dr. Annie Carveth has been confined to her sofa for a number of weeks with a very painful foot.

Mrs. Howard of Gerrard street entertained at luncheon on Wednesday of last week. Among those present were: Mesdames Stegmann, Thorne, Shepherd, Hignam, Dixon, Polard, Edwards of Chicago, and others.

A Considerate Request.

A tramp intrudes into the apartments of a gentleman and solicits assistance, which is refused. The tramp becomes insolent and the gentleman requests him to leave the premises. The tramp takes his departure. As he is closing the door of the room the gentleman considerably asks:

"As you pass out of the front door will you be kind enough to tell the hall boy not to let you in the next time you call?"



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

BEFORE Mantles are listed on the present stock sheets, which we are now busily working, we have resolved to seriously break prices that the volumes of the stocks may be materially reduced.

Sateen-lined Circulars \$5, worth \$10; \$7.50, worth \$15.
Fur-lined Circulars \$8.50, worth \$17.00; \$12.50, worth \$25.
Choice of 25 Ladies' Ulsters for \$5, worth \$9 to \$20.
Special line Tweed Ulsters at \$2.45.
Choice of New, Stylish Capes \$4.50, worth \$7.50 to \$10.
Another lot of Capes, choice \$7; worth \$12 and \$15.50.
Still another lot of Capes \$6, worth \$14.50 to \$20.
About 50 Odd Jackets reduced to half price.
Ladies' House Jerseys, black, at \$1.25—about 20 different patterns.
Ladies' Cardigans, sleeveless, \$5; with sleeves, \$1.25.
Wrappers, choice of 20 Flannellette at \$1.75, worth \$2.50 to \$3.50.
Wool-proofs, \$2.50, worth \$4; \$3.50, worth \$5.50; \$4, worth \$6.
Hepionette, \$3.50, worth \$5.50; \$5, worth \$7.50. Special line, 15 different patterns at \$6, worth \$8.50 and \$10.

We can interest you beyond doubt in a lot of new prints. Talking prints in January? Why not? A line of new delaine effects are about the prettiest goods we've put on the counters for a long time. What's worth knowing is that they're done in acid-proof dyes.

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St. George's, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street.
New Annex 170 Yonge Street.
Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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It is our sole business.
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186 YONGE STREET

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New and Artistic Designs

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Latest English, French and American styles. Mourning orders promptly attended to. Evening Dresses and Trousseau a specialty.

MISS PATON

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R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. East

HAVE YOU SEEN

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AMERICAN BOOTS AND SHOES

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I keep in stock such high grade makes, such as Eddy & Webster, of Rochester. Every pair guaranteed. In Gentle Boots and Shoes such celebrated makes as Wright & Richards, Stacey, Adams & Co. When down town see the window, and come in and get prices.

Warm Footwear

Choice Lines of Seasonable Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes. Pretty evening Shoes in new styles. Lovely shades in new Sateen Slippers at wonderfully low prices.

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To buy a Piano until you have seen the

NORDHEIMER PIANO

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COUGH DROPS

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc. Invaluable to Orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

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It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design.

Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer.

It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.

Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric.

The steels (or stays) are laced in separate pockets and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis' Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

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To the Ladies

The best place in Toronto for Hair Goods is-day

is Dorendw's, 106 Yonge St., the ladies all say;

The new styles of Coiffures and beautiful Curle

Can be seen in his window on six pretty girls.

When you enter his store you will find it complete

With the newest of styles that make ladies look sweet

There's Coiffures for the opera, wedding or ball—

All kinds that will please you, so give him a call.

There are goods of all kinds, too numerous to mention;

To a few styles alone can we call your attention—

His Bangs and his Switches and goods on the shelves,

You'll find when you see them they speak for themselves.

To conclude, let me say that those who deal there

Will always look nice and have beautiful hair.

This ladies all know, when a hundred or more

Every day are found dealing at Dorendw's store.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

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DES CAPILLERINE

Easier to apply, entirely harmless and successful in the effect.

DES CAPILLERINE superseded electrolysis in many respects. Electrolysis is a most painful operation. Electrolysis is a very expensive treatment. Electrolysis in most every case leaves marks and causes inflammation of the skin, and in the majority of cases the hair will come back again.

DES CAPILLERINE is entirely free from those very objectionable effects.

DES CAPILLERINE, by persistent use, will exhaust the hair follicle, and will render the future growth impossible.

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Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors complete in every particular, and ladies will receive our most careful attention. Latest designs in Hair Dressing. Bleaching and Dyeing in any shade a specialty. Hair Ornaments in gold, silver, cut steel, amber, tortoise shell, etc. Perfumes, Brushes, Combs and all Toilet Articles at

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Are Now Open for Ladies and Gentlemen

Baldness a specialty. A luxuriant growth of hair guaranteed or money refunded, and any Toilet and Shaving Soaps sold everywhere.

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"Hum!" said Leonard to himself, "the quotation seems very appropriate. If one had faith in, omens now, a man might say that this was a good one." And in his heart he believed it to be so.

Another hour's journey brought them to the point of the island along which they had been travelling.

"Ah," said Otter, "now I know the path again. This is the right stream; that to the left must be a new one. Had we taken it we should have lost our way, and perhaps have found it no more for days, or not at all."

"Say, Otter," said Leonard, "you escaped from this place. How did you do it—in a boat?"

"No, Baas. The Baas knows that I am strong; my spirit who gave me ugliness gave me strength also to make up for it, and it is well, for had I been beautiful, as you are, Baas, and not very strong, I should have been a slave now, or dead. With my chained hands I choked him who was set to watch me, and took his knife. Then by my strength I broke the iron—see, Baas, here are the scars of them to this day. When I broke them they cut into my flesh, but they were old scars that had been on many slaves, so I mastered them. Then as others came to kill me I threw myself into the water and dived, and they never saw me more. Afterwards I swam all this way, resting from time to time on the islands and from time to time running along the shore where the reeds were not too thick, till at length I escaped into the open country. I travelled four days to reach it, and most of that time I was in the water."

"And what did you feed on?"

"Roots and eggs of birds."

"And did not the alligators try to eat you?"

"One did, Baas, but I am quick in the water. I got upon the alligator's back—ah! my spirit was with me then—and drove the knife through his eye into his brain. Then I smeared myself over with the blood of the alligator and after that they did not touch me, for they knew the smell and thought that I was their brother."

"Say, Otter, are you not afraid of going back to this place?"

"Somewhat, Baas, for there is that hell you white people talk of. But where the Baas goes there I can go also; Otter will not linger while you run. Also, Baas, I am not brave; no, no, yet I would look upon that Yellow Devil

again, yes, if I myself must die to do it, and kill him with these hands."

And the dwarf dropped the paddle, screaming, "Kill him! kill him! kill him!" so loudly that the birds rose in affright from the marshes.

"Be quiet, you fool," cried Leonard angrily; "do you want to bring the Arabs on us?"

But to himself he thought he should be sorry for Pereira, alias the "Yellow Devil," if once Otter found a chance to fly at his throat.

(To be Continued.)

Four Brave Men.

I was standing on the railroad platform of a small country town a few evenings ago. There were four men grouped apart from where I was standing, conversing among themselves. Just beside the edge of the platform were the grounds of some private residence, fenced in by an iron fence only three feet high. Inside the fence, held by a heavy chain, was a dog of the deerhound breed. He was impatiently chafing against the restraint imposed upon him, and pulled and tugged at his chain at a great rate. The four men were standing looking at him and making comments.

"I don't know why it is," said one, "that I never have the least sensation of fear at dogs. Why, if that dog was to break loose and jump that fence it might be dangerous, but I'd be just as cool as I am now."

"I've had several narrow escapes with ferocious dogs," said another, "and I've trained myself to instantly crush them by looking them in the eye steadily. Notice my eye!" The other three peered into it. "Well, gentlemen, that eye has cowed dogs that would take a leg off you at a bite."

The third man, who had been for some time trying to interrupt No. 2 in order to get off his little tale, seized the opportunity and struck in. "I simply kick 'em," he said. "I've had dogs come at me at lightning speed, gentle-

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has become thin,
and keep the scalp
clean and healthy, use

AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair
from falling out
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men; jaws wide open and their eyes red with rage. All I've done has been to calmly step aside and plant one tremendous kick in their ribs as they went by. It took courage, but I was always there. I never had one come back at me yet."

The fourth man was just opening his mouth to tell his little lie, when the deerhound over the fence got loose, and probably not thinking of the four men at all bounded over the fence to make good his liberty. I watched to see the man with the wonderful eye get in his work, and the kicker do his great kicking act, and the man with the iron nerve stand coolly with arms folded, but none of them was doing his specialties that day.

Instead, the whole one-horse quartet turned and jostled, and bumped, and trod on each other's toes in a wild endeavor to get out of the way of that deerhound. The head of the iron-nerved man bumped into the man with the mesmeric eye and jammed his hat down so that the lustre of the eye was dimmed, and I suppose that's why it didn't work. The man who always kicked vicious dogs did get in his kick, but it was on my right shin accidentally, as he rushed by me to save his life. But the deerhound rushed over the fields without looking at any of the heroes.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MOLLIE BAWN.—You are amiable, enterprising, careful in speech, somewhat self-reliant, persevering, bright and vivacious. It is not a very speaking specimen.

A. B. C. D., etc.—If you are a woman on the shady side of twenty-five, you should have learned not to be pert. I should think the glove counter would afford you great scope.

BETHANY.—You are hopeful, fond of fun, very honest, incapable of meanness, adaptable to any circumstances, somewhat independent in thought, and deliberate and careful in method. I think you are persevering and extremely amiable and somewhat generous.

MARLE.—You are truly an awful scribbler and you lack much to render your writing a good study. However, you are bright and original, very quick in imagination, extremely prone to idealize commonplace people and things, and rather fond of your own way. Please excuse farther particulars.

BIRDS.—You are somewhat wilful, very ambitious, erratic in method, but quite energetic; you are far from finished in style, but have a distinctive way of your own, are persevering and work consistently to the end in view, however you may appear to diverge en route. Have taste, some sympathy and a decided love of beauty.

FIN DE SIECLE.—Your writing shows considerable energy and rather a refined and clever method. You are discreet but not reserved, of constant will and some culture, persevering, rather logical and decided in opinion, a heavy but not frivolous temperament, and should be popular with the many. Your affections are very warm and you love an easy time.

MODS.—You are smart and original in method, good-natured, able to enjoy fun, but I hope you will excuse me from predicting any certain success professionally or otherwise until your character takes on maturity. While there are facility, hope and adaptability in plenty, the lines lack decision, snap and continued force.

HARTY LUGER.—This is a vivacious, impulsive and inconsiderate chatterbox, who can say a lot which means very little. Haste, thoughtlessness and lack of method are shown, together with great sympathy, some love of effect, quite a lack of proportion and an excess of effort. You are a very expending study, and if happy yourself make a graphologist quite miserable.

LEWIS.—This is a misnomer, surely; the study is of marked energy and original force. Writer is witty, sweet-tempered, fond of fun, of varying moods, with much sympathy, generous impulses, a love of planning and a great facility, some idealism, a little want of sequence and an excellent discretion. If you hadn't demanded an answer in the next issue I should confess I quite enjoyed doing your study.

GIVEN OPIES.—That is as near as I can come to your signature. By all means continue in your respectful attitude towards everybody connected with a newspaper. It's good for you, but don't weave a romance about one of them, or you will live to regret it. They are very ordinary and their lives are anything but romantic. As to your enquiry about the size and state of the correspondence editor, I cannot see anything to be gained by informing you. 2. Your writing denotes rather a light and discursive method, no force of will, great impulse and lack of concentration. You are full of expedients, plans and fancies, erratic in aim and over-confident. I should hate to entrust to you any business requiring marked talent for management. At the same time you have much ability and should be a pleasant conversationalist.

ICULE.—In classic times the phibiscite was the vote of the common people, as distinguished from the nobles, and was only of force in regard to matters under the control of their assembly. In modern France, the phibiscite was a vote of everyone, the voice of universal suffrage. As we have no universal suffrage, I don't know what the street vote could be called except a phibiscite, but it might be so designated. In point of fact, it was not anything of the sort. 2. The pronunciation is a little peevish, but correct. Like "Don Juan," however, one hears it pronounced, quite as frequently, just as spelled. 3. Your writing shows a tentative, reasonable and just mind, with bright and ingratiating manner and a light, but ambitious will. You are optimistic, somewhat forceful, observant and rather methodical. You are fond of conversation and socially inclined; prodigal effort and a tendency to love of novelty and what might almost be called inconsequence are shown.

DARLING.—I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Beant and quite agree with what you say about her. In fact, after a private interview I think I go a little further than you do. 2. Your writing is a very intricate study and because of the marked peculiarity is also somewhat puzzling. This sounds contradictory, but you know how

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OF...

Baby's Own Soap

in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers



profession does not make angels of men." "No," was the retort, "there you have the best of it; you certainly give them the first chance."—*Sala's Journal*.

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Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

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Chollie—Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble-minded? Miss Rox—Oh, Mr. Sappe, this is so sudden!—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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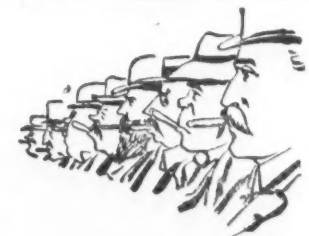
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Was in a Distressing Condition for Over
Seven Months.

HE WAS TOTALLY INCAPACITATED AND COULD NOT WORK
AT HIS TRADE.

After a Wise Course of Treatment He Commences Work Again.



MR. JOHN BARRAND.

A popular and well known citizen of Hamilton, Ont., who was recently restored to health by Pain's celery compound, after suffering from a complication of troubles for several years, says:

"Had I taken the advice of the first merchant to whose store I went to buy Pain's celery compound, I would still be enduring agony or would have been in my grave before this. The merchant I refer to tried to persuade me to take a preparation of which I was ignorant, and of which I had never heard before. I quietly declined the offer, and directed my steps where I knew I could purchase the medicine in which I had faith. Yes, I found Pain's celery compound, and it found its way to the root of my troubles."

Mr. John Barrand, tailor, of Barrie, Ont., whose portrait appears above, is another man who had implicit confidence in Pain's celery compound. His hopes and expectations were fully realized, and to-day there is no stronger advocate for "nature's health restorer" in the province of Ontario.

Mr. Barrand's case was a particularly severe one. Inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form had pulled down a strong physical frame, and brought him to a condition of utter helplessness. He truly realized his great danger, and the urgent necessity of wise and prompt action.

Mr. Barrand was a thinking and observant man; one of whom great truths had made deep impressions. While in wretchedness and suffering, these great truths were continually before his mind. Every wonderful cure effected by Pain's celery compound, for the benefit of some friend or neighbor, was carefully and prayerfully considered, with the result that he determined to use the medicine that had done so much for others. No power under Heaven could have dared to alter his decision; and the merchant or dealer who would have attempted to recommend or urge upon Mr. Barrand something else just as good, would speedily have been rebuffed for his selfishness, dishonesty and callousness.

Mr. Barrand, after a judicious and persistent use of Pain's celery compound, was snatched

from the very gates of death and given health and strength to pursue his trade. No other medicine in this world could have done the same work for him. His life defended solely on the wonderful recuperating power of Pain's celery compound, which the best and ablest physicians are now recommending so strongly for many forms of disease.

Now, dear sufferer, just a word of warning and encouragement for your benefit. We have given you the chief points of the wonderful restoration of a gentleman to whom you may write for information; he is willing to confirm all we have said and can give you fuller particulars. The medicine that cured Mr. Barrand of Barrie will do the same for you if you only make use of it. Its power is not limited to certain individuals or certain localities; it is suited for all who suffer.

We are pleased to be able to give Mr. Barrand's own words of testimony in favor of Pain's celery compound. To add strength to the testimonial, Rev. W. M. Magrath, rector of Christ Church, Barrie, confirms every statement made. Mr. Barrand says:

"Just a year ago I was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form, which totally incapacitated me from pursuing my trade—that of a tailor—or, in fact, from doing work even of the very lightest kind, as every nerve in my body was affected. I was in this distressing condition for more than seven months, when I commenced to use Pain's celery compound. I soon began to realize the beneficial effects of the medicine; but my case was an obstinate one, and required the persistent use of the compound for some months before I was able to move about. I am thankful to say I am so far recovered that I have commenced work again; and I am very hopeful that by continuing to use the compound a little longer, I shall, please God, be restored to my wonted health and strength again. Surely the medicine which has done so much for me will prove an equal blessing to others similarly afflicted; and to such I say, 'Give Pain's celery compound a fair trial.' For what your medicine has done for me you have my most grateful thanks."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Drama.

THE latter part of every season is sprinkled with amateur events, and this year the first of the kind was the Toronto Lacrosse Club's Minstrel performance on Friday and Saturday last. The Grand for the latter part of this week is given over to a dramatic performance by the students of Trinity. They are producing *Betsy*, under the direction of Mr. Martin Cleworth, a very clever theatrical instructor who came out from England last fall and settled here. It would be hard to find a more difficult piece for amateurs to undertake than *Betsy*, it being a brisk comedy, lasting over two hours, and consisting almost entirely of animated conversation. I am writing this before the first presentation of the piece, so cannot say how it will go, but from what I know of those taking part I am willing to prophesy that it will be a success.

The Lacrosse Club Minstrel show was a success without any question. To be sure, nearly all the gags were older than any member of the cast, but it is hard to get up new jokes, and people really do not expect new ones. However, those who heard the minstrels at the opening of the new Athletic Club on Monday evening have nothing to complain of in this line, for the jokes were new and startling to the ears of many present. Mr. H. Barker was the interlocutor; Messrs. C. Norrie, E. R. Hoogs, D. C. Ross and A. Yule played the bones; Messrs. J. Hughes, G. F. Smedley, G. Crean and H. W. Rich wielded tambourines, while the chorus was made up as follows: J. Allcott, H. Allen, F. B. Andrews, C. A. Baxter, G. Barron, J. W. Baker, D. S. Barclay, H. W. Barlow, G. F. Beard, J. L. Boyd, L. Boyd, W. H. M. Bonnell, T. W. Carlyle, C. Cobban, W. C. Cobban, W. H. Dixon, H. J. Dorrien, F. W. Donkin, F. W. Falls, H. Howard, A. E. Huestis, H. R. Jackson, C. F. King, F. Lewis, A. F. McCallum, W. C. McKay, W. R. McCurry, D. McDonald, H. M. Reid, J. F. Ross, W. E. Rundie, R. A. Shaw, A. Sowdon, A. G. Smith, J. D. Smith, J. Stewart, A. D. Sturrock, A. J. Tipping, C. F. Ward, J. C. Warbrick and O. C. Wenborne. The series of ten tableaux vivants by Mr. Martin Cleworth and his pupils were good, although I believe they would have gone off with better effect had the house and main part of the stage been darkened.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, Mr. Bengough's entertainment called out a large and brilliant audience at the hall of the Woman's Christian Guild on Thursday evening, January 18. The artist-entertainer, as usual, provided a programme which was notable for its originality and versatility. Rapid sketches in colored crayon, dealing with general and local questions of the moment, were sandwiched in between the character sketches, recitations and songs. Everything went from first to last with fine spirit, and the interest of the audience never for a moment flagged during the two hours. One of the most taking things on the programme was the "intermission," which was a characteristic joke. Mr. Bengough gravely announced that as the evening was about half spent, he would at this point take a short interval of rest, whereupon the audience, in testimony that he had well earned it, applauded. "While I am resting," went on the humorist, "the committee have asked Mr. John McCoy of St. John's Ward to say a few words to you. Mr. McCoy, having kindly consented, is supposed to come forward just at this point and during my brief intermission he speaks about to the following effect—" Then followed a side-splitting stump speech in a rich north of Ireland brogue. It fairly convulsed the house. At the end of it, Mr. Bengough calmly observed, "Now that Mr. McCoy has retired, I will resume the programme," which he did to the delight of the audience. Another appearance before the season closes would, we are sure, gratify all who were present and many who were unable to hear Mr. Bengough on this occasion. Miss Sweetman acted as accompanist and acquitted herself admirably.

On Friday evening last a dramatic and musical recital was given in the Town Hall, Owen Sound, under the auspices of the St. Mary's Roman Catholic church. Those who took part in the programme were: Miss Marguerite Dunn, elocutionist; Miss Alice Forhan, soprano; Mr. C. Paton, tenor; Prof. Holland, violinist. The accompanists were Prof. Holland, Miss Forhan and Miss Irene Forhan. The hall was filled with a brilliant assemblage of the literary and music-loving citizens of Owen Sound. The hearty and cordial reception that greeted Miss Dunn as she gracefully tripped before the footlights to give her first selection, must have been highly gratifying. Almost instantly the audience was in sympathy with her, so great are her personal magnetism and charming stage presence. The musical part of the programme opened with an overture, *Caliph of Bagdad*, on the violin and piano, by Prof. Holland and Miss Forhan. It was splendidly given, receiving well merited applause. Next on the programme was a cavatina, *None can fly My Law Supreme*, by Mr. C. Paton, the popular tenor of Owen Sound. It was given with splendid effect and received hearty plaudits. He was in capital voice and gave his several numbers during the evening with much expressive power. His fine tenor voice never appeared to better advantage.



A Modern Madonna—G. A. REID



A Morning in June—L. R. O'BRIEN.

Another Group of Pictures at the Palette Club Exhibition.

One of the features of the evening was the first appearance in concert, since her illness of a couple of years ago, of Miss Alice Forhan, Owen Sound's favorite soprano, who is a gold medalist in both vocal and instrumental music.

A very enjoyable entertainment was held at Guelph under the auspices of the City Mission Society, on January 18. The large and fashionable audience who gathered to hear the treat prepared for them by the ladies of Guelph were not disappointed. The first part of the evening was spent in listening to some charming songs and recitations. The second part consisted of a series of tableaux, under the direction of Mrs. (Dr.) Mills, Miss Clark, Lieut.-Col. McDonald and Mr. Harrison. The tableaux, being a comparatively new feature in Guelph, had been looked forward to with eager anticipation, and to say that they fulfilled the expectation of the audience does not half express it. The concert was well managed, special credit being due to Miss Stevenson, who was untiring in her efforts to make the event a success. The sum cleared will do much to alleviate the sufferings of the poor of Guelph.

Those two clever artists, Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smily, appear to have exactly hit the popular fancy with their now famous dual recitals. Their record of over seventy-five engagements already this season is but a fair testimony of the excellence of their elocutionary menu, and judging from the "standing room only" sign which was hung out at West Association Hall on Thursday of last week when they appeared upon the fourth entertainment of the Y. M. C. A. Star Course, their drawing power is greater than ever. It was their first appearance in Toronto since their return from a three weeks' continuous trip to the Soo, and the affair was universally acknowledged to be the most successful of the course, both in the size and satisfaction of the audience.

Enoch Arden, Tennyson's beautiful romance of the sea, will be put on at the Grand during the first three nights of next week, under the auspices of the Sons of England Naval Brigade, and for the benefit of the Life Saving Crew, that has patrolled the bay all summer. The object is very worthy, and the entertainment should be capital in itself. Chas. J. Stevenson will take the leading role, and Miss Blanche Doris Howard will lead his support, which will be made up of amateurs well known in the city.

The Bottom of the Sea, a marine spectacle of considerable merit, has been running all week at Jacobs & Sparrow's, the attendance and interest being very good. George P. Webster plays the wily and repulsively cunning Greek adventurer with skill, and Miss Camille Cleveland and Miss Georgie Cain charmingly fill the requirements of their parts. The latter brings in a pair of infant twins in one act, which makes a decided sensation.

James Whitcomb Riley and Douglass Sherley will present their literary programme at the Pavilion next Tuesday evening, January 30, constituting the fourth number in Kleiser's Star Course. The plan at Nordheimer's already assures the Hoosier Poet of his usual crowded audience.

The California Opera Company has been singing *Said Pasha*, the Bohemian Girl and *Gertrude of Gertha* at the Academy of Music this week. The company is much better than any one would expect, considering the low prices charged at the Academy this season.

After a highly successful tour of the province, Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smily have returned to the city and will give one of their dual recitals in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Guild, McGill street, on Monday evening next.

It was Miss S. Mintz, and not "a younger

Miss Redpath," as stated in last issue, who played the piano so acceptably at Miss Dunn's recital in West Association Hall.

Next week I shall devote nearly all my space to a discussion of the work done by the amateurs in Betsy and Enoch Arden, and am dieting myself accordingly.

For some reason Herrmann, the Magician, did not reach Toronto for his three-night engagement, so the Grand was dark the first half of this week.

The bright comedy *Friends*, so much enjoyed last season when here, will be presented at the Grand the last three nights of next week.

Reilly & Wood's big show will cause Jacobs & Sparrow's theater to be crowded all next week.

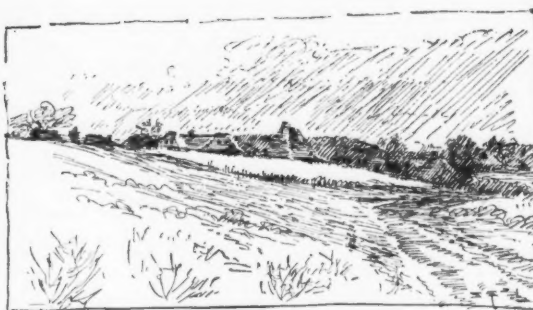
The Palette Club Exhibition.

THE third exhibition given by the Palette Club, now open at Roberts' Art Gallery, 79 King street west, is decidedly the best of the three. This club, organized in 1892 with a view to exhibiting only such work as should be up to a certain standard, while limiting its number, yet invites contributions from outsiders and certainly fills a long felt want, despite the many other artistic organizations in existence, each fulfilling its own *raison d'être*—or striving to do so.

The Modern Madonna, by G. A. Reid, naturally attracts attention first by its size and keeps it by its merit. A mother, in humble life evidently, has lifted her little one from the cradle to soothe and caress it, and very tender is the attitude and the motherliness expressed in the face. As usual with this artist's work, the arrangement of the light is striking, giving full play to his power of conveying that atmospheric effect and solidity in modeling that form part of the charm of his work. The principal figure is thrown into relief by the light from the window behind, and from another window falls the sunshine across the room and rests on the dress of the Madonna. Three landscapes, each interpreting a different phase of nature, a single figure, The Hod Carrier, and a head, *Tristesse*, complete the list of Mr. Reid's work. A. Curtis Williamson has some strong, good modeling in his *Philomene*, as well as in *A Brolles Interior*, which also shows fine color. The same may be said with greater emphasis of Mr. E. Wyly Grier's portrait of Mrs. Boulton, though the work is somewhat heavy about the cap. In Cecile he is less happy; the flesh has unpleasantly gray tones, but the face is a speaking one. O. R. Jacob shows to better advantage than usual in some fresh little water-colors which are somewhat softer in handling than the oil, *Backwoods*. With W. Cruickshank's *Free Grant*, Muskoka, we are already somewhat familiar, but he has done something better in *On the Field of Waterloo*, where, in plowing, two old men have turned up a skull. The work here is softer and looser, the modeling of the horses very fine indeed. Miss Harriet Ford is a new name among us, but her work bespeaks a high place; *My Friend* shows good work but in composition is scarcely a picture. F. S. Challenor has delighted us by his *Golden October*, something which shows he can do well on a much larger canvas than he has hitherto used. It is a softly rendered, brilliant bit of autumn, but the nearest figure is scarcely satisfactory. *A Song at Twilight* is another beautiful bit of color; the Guitar Player in the bow of that canoe may well feel the poetry of the hour. Several other landscapes are from the same brush. Mr. Bell-Smith shows the interior of a Dutch workshop where wooden shoes are being made. Low Tide is possibly the most pleasing of this artist's landscapes, with its wide view; in *Children of the Field Workers* the figures are too evidently posing; the color and handling in *Cascade* are good. From Montreal comes W. Brymner's *By Hill and Dale*.



A Song at Twilight—F. S. CHALLENGER.



The Edge of the Village—SYDNEY STRICKLAND TULLY.

Carl Ahrens sends two, of which *The Goose Girl* is the most striking in its misty landscape, vivid light in sky, and little red-headed girl who drives home her geese. W. E. Atkinson has three landscapes, in two of which he gives a strong but poetic rendering of two widely different scenes at twilight and in the third, sunlight and shadow of a long avenue on a sunny day. C. M. Manly sends an oil and two water-colors. L. R. O'Brien has five water-colors of which *Inland Water Ways* is possibly the most pleasing. In Sheep, Owen Staples shows his field to be animal painting, for only close observation and faithful study could have produced this; he is much less happy in his handling and subject in *Autumn*. Mrs. Reid gives us something new in *The Long Seam*, a little maid sewing in a room, in which the color and soft rendering of the whole are well done. The pathos and loneliness of *At Close of Day* will be felt by all; the solitary woman who sits with folded hands and weary attitude is given with great breadth and feeling. Two groups of roses are also Mrs. Reid's. Miss Sully's *Outskirts of the Village* is very pleasing, atmosphere and distance being well rendered. In *Retrospection* the flesh is well modeled and color good.

Last week we reproduced some of the leading pictures of the exhibition and this week we give another group of them. They make a pretty newspaper feature, but those who are within calling distance of Roberts' Gallery should not fail to inspect the whole exhibition, for no print can do justice to an original painting. By a strange error we placed the wrong name under Mr. Challenor's picture in last week's issue. The proper title was *The Morning Lunch*.

Here's a Point, Now.

It would be interesting and might be useful if some competent authority would discuss the comparative advantages of early and late drinking, with a view to determine which is less deleterious. It is not uncommon for men to pride themselves on abstinence from alcohol until after five o'clock in the afternoon, and to regard themselves as exemplary drinkers so long as they hold off until that hour, no matter how deep their potations may be between then and midnight. It is true that a man whose swallows do not begin to fly homeward until the usual roosting-hour for swallows, avoids the risk of being overcome by daylight. But that should be a remote risk in any case. The real question is whether the beverages which the progressing toper consumes do him less damage if he drinks them late and sleeps them off than if he drinks them early and works them off. Of course it is too large and important a question to be discussed in a paragraph, and depends upon too many conditions—such as the sort of work, if any, that the customer attempts to do, and especially whether it is active outdoor work or sedentary. It will be proclaimed at the outset of the discussion that potations in business hours are indefensible, but really it seems a fair matter for argument whether a man with his morning cocktail actually in him is not at least as useful for business purposes as a rigid abstinent whose liver creaks as a result of the libations of the previous evening. —E. S. Martin, in *Harper's Weekly*.

Copyright on Dickens' Works.

The copyright of nine of Dickens' novels, and also of the American Notes and all his Christmas stories, has expired, but there are still nine works on which it remains, namely: *Bleak House* (expires this year), *Child's History of England* (1895), *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations* (1903), *Our Mutual Friend* (1907), *Uncommercial Traveller* (1911), and *Edwin Drood* (1913).

Papa—Donald, do you know why the gander stands on one foot at a time, out there in the snow? Donald—I guess he does it to get a chance to warm the other in his inside pocket. —Puck.

Heart Gardens.

For Saturday Night.

The grave of a heart should be tended with care,
Lest stony, deserted, neglected and bare,
The rank vines of selfishness—all uncontrolled—
Enumber the ground, a sight to behold.
When brambles of fretfulness foot-hold have gained,
Decet surely comes with the happiness feigned.

Lest the world should detect the heart-hunger and pain,
Hollow laughter sounds out, as joyless as vain;
While envy of others more favored by fate,
If fostered, bears fruitage of anger and hate.
The thistles of scandal cast seeds far and wide,
As evils take root and are fast multiplied.
Distrust with its nettles—unsolvable weeds—
Springs up in the soil which love's tending needs,
While churlish ill-temper, with malice and pride,
By bitterest worm-wood is well typified.

Then clear the wild tangle of weeds quite away,
Let in the warm sunbeams and bright light of day.
Don't shade the heart-garden with yew trees of gloom,
Make sunshine for someone; give shadows no room.
Don't spend life enacting the misanthrope's part!
He sees in each rose but the worm at its heart.

Work, work and help others, then daisies of bloom
May brighten your pathway and scatter the gloom.
As each sturdy blossom uplifts a bright eye,
So hearts should look upward to Father Most High,
For He never forgets the simplest flower:
His presence will brighten the gloomiest hour.
Our duties, like daisies that spring by the way,
Enchain our attention and teach us to pray,
"O guide and direct us, though fond hopes may fade,
O make our lives true ones in sunshine or shade!"

Dear "pansies for thoughts," although purple with pain,
Lift bright little faces towards sunshine again.
A lesson for every unsatisfied heart,
"If the whole is denied, take gratefully part."
Fair lilies of purity often thrive best
On the soil grief's harrow has lately pressed,
In hearts furrowed deep by the plough-share of pain
And watered by tear-drops, a plentiful rain.

In gardens like these no poison weed dwells,
Pure motives, right actions—like white immortelles—
Eternally blossom, the pathway along,
Till our hearts and our lives grow happy and strong.
Then watch the heart-gardens, good seeds will peep
through,
And sweet little heart's-ease may blossom for you.
Selkirk, Man. ENNA SHAW COLLENGHUE.

Present Not Absent.

For Saturday Night.

One tender heart that beats with mine
In sympathy and love,
Has kindled in my soul a flame
That, trembling, leaps above.

And still, with upward-pointing life
Directs my soul on high,
And teaches me those ways to live,
Where truth and honor lie.

With one true friend have I been blessed,
Herself to self unknown,
Who, planning others' happiness,
Thinks never of her own.

To her, my constant, changeless friend,
Alike in weal or woe,
My ever-ready confidant,
To her, how much I owe!

Yet while she still was by my side,
Mid daily toil and strife,
How little did I guess her power
And influence o'er my life!

I little dreamed how I should miss
That modest glance and true,
With which the hazel eyes met
In confidence the blue.

But now that distance severs us,
I know my friend afar,
I make a messenger of love
The lover's Western Star.

'Tis only now I feel my loss,
And long to know once more
The presence kind, the influence sweet,
As they have been of yore.

But every wind that blows his good,
And this my good shall be:
I'll learn of love to value more
When she's restored to me.

ARRELL.

Still to be Neat, Still to be Drest.

For Saturday Night.

Still to be neat, still arrayed,
As if you were going on parade;
Still to be burnished, booted, spurred,
Orderly, it is to be inferred.

By art's bid causes you do add
Size to your chest; in fact you pad.
Give me the garb, give me the cap,
Which makes our soldiering a snap;
Trowsers lovely flying, coat as free,
Such costume much more pleases me.

Than all the glories of the tailor's art,
Which strike the eye but not the heart.

COWLEY.

Memory.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sweet to dream of the shadowy past,
The long ago.
It may be years have hurried by,
Or may be only hours that lie
Between that hallowed time and these,
When hearts were glad. But who is free
To know of gladness, till at last
His joys are looked on as the past?

And yet—why mourn for days gone by?
Dear heart, from far beyond the sky
A blessed light is sent to thee,
The light by which the weary see.
As on a dark and dreary night,
The moon creeps out so calm and white,
To shed a soft and silvery ray
Across some wanderer's weary way.

So this strange light to thee is given,
Steaming a very breath of heaven;
Or like some gently flowing stream,
Whose source is in the sweetest dream—
A stream to drift on, calm and slow,
Back to the land of long ago.

How strange it is when thoughts go back
To long ago!
Those vanished joys will always seem
So far away—like some strange dream
That came last night, and yet to-day
Seems in the past long years away!

But, even if old time has fled,
With ages sliding o'er thy head,
Thy right, dear heart, will vanish when
A dream returns and hides thee live again,
And in those days, when thou shalt feel
A sadness, and strange mist shall steal
Across thine eyes, once clear and bright,
Like mist that creeps before the night,
And thou shalt see that dusk old age
Creep on to close thy pilgrimage,
Thy grief, dear heart, will not be more,
For dreams shall cheer thee as before.

And gliding far on that calm stream,
Thy joy shall all but boundless seem,
When far across the water's breast
Thou see'st the shore where thou shalt rest.
And so, dear heart, look up and know
Where thou shalt go back to long ago.

'Tis sweet to be in thy wanderings o'er
Sometimes towards that far gleaming shore,
Where life is one eternal day;
Where love abounds, but who shall say
That souls will ever dream or know
Of this strange, shadowy long ago?

Toronto. FORTUNE TALBOT KIRKSHILL.

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Between You and Me.

WE were talking the other evening over social aspects, and the mother of the debutante said that when she was a girl the thoughts of the society neophyte did not run in the same line as they do nowadays; that in those good old days, every man was nice, every cavalier attentive and every partner anxious to make a favorable impression, and that the utterances of the modern girl were pleasant and generally flattering, and not as we sometimes hear them, slighting, defiant and fault-finding, and upon this papa remarked easily, "They are just the same as of old, my dear. Girls haven't changed, though you have." But the mother was right; the scales have turned, and hang at a different angle, consequent upon the changed attitude of the sexes, the civilized world over. While this attitude makes for progress (at least people say so), it also robs the maiden of a certain attraction and sweetness and that indescribable humbug of feminine dependence which is so powerful an appeal to latter-day and every-day chivalry. The lass who hops on and off the street car before her escort can offer a helping hand or arm may be more agile, more brisk and more muscular than the damsel of fifty years back, but she is not capable of rousing that protective courtesy which it was the delight of our grandfathers to offer and the pleasure of our grandmothers to accept. And her increased independence balances his decreased chivalry, and in this and other matters is a pity.

The girl who sets out to be helpless and dependent nowadays must be a past mistress in the art of humbug or she will be a grievous and lonesome failure, for the young men of the present day are not educated to except her. She must rope in her victims with the cunning of the spider and must hold them with the silken thread of her web. She must amuse, divert, flatter, idealize, and sometimes she must efface herself in toto. She must listen to tales of the prowess and doings of her slaves, which would be promptly snuffed out and derided by the modern girl, who adds to her strength sarcasm, and is to the egotist a terror. She must be enthusiastic over his hobby and delightfully ignorant of its details that he may deign to enlighten her and patronize her accordingly. The spectacle of a young man in this attitude to his girl friend is delightful, and amuses no one so much as the young mix herself. And while the self-assertive maiden may secure now and then a duetist who will sit in her pocket and dance attendance on her whims, until he and she are a spectacle beneath the notice of sane fellow-beings, the astute little fraud who undertakes successfully the role of the helpless dependent, not only secures the desired slaves and preserves the respect of her critics, but moreover accomplishes the uplifting and developing of the men who minister to and attend her. Nothing ennobs a being more than the consciousness that he can befriend and protect one weaker than himself. There will be more orange blossoms on society bushes, more diamond rings on taper fingers and more good times for girls generally when they take time to study the methods of their grandmothers and stem the wave of indifference which surges over the social seas of to-day.

There is a curious topsy-turvy upon another social question just now, the point under discussion in an English newspaper being Are Chaperones Necessary? Chaperones are such an institution in England that even gray hairs, if unwed, cannot dispense with them. But the young blood is beginning to rebel and long for the freedom of the transatlantic belle. The curious part of the matter is, that as the English girl pines for freedom the American begins to demand protection, and the chaperone is in danger of being transported, like Reuben and Rachel, "far across the foaming sea."

The newest social function in New York is a five o'clock tea to introduce a son into society. The mother issues the invitations in her name alone and invites as sponsors several leading society matrons, who assist her in receiving. Except that the debutant is a rather overdone young gentleman in a Prince Albert coat with a boutonniere of white flowers, instead of a blushing and dimpling maiden, the occasion is identical with the useful "debutante's tea." The matrons are kind and interested, the young gentleman serious and dignified as he is gravely introduced to the various hospitable women, under whose dinner tables he will stretch his legs and to whose daughters he will be an eligible partner.

A new departure in the line of evening reunions is projected by the Board of Management of the Y. W. C. A., 13 Elm street, for next Monday evening, taking the form of a Book Reception. The *raison d'être* of this move is the crying need for suitable reading for the boarders in this very worthy institution. Each lady who attends is asked to bring with her a volume of instructive or entertaining reading, and no easier or probably more successful scheme could be evolved for the speedy supply of the needed literature. Everyone of us have doubtless many books which could be thus passed on, and it is hoped a large number of friends will be interested enough to contribute.

LADY GAY.

A Sweet Jingle.

Linger longer, Lucy—linger longer, Loo,
How I love to linger, Lucy—linger 'long o' you;
Listen while I sing—ah, promise you'll be true;
Linger longer, Jerrid, linger longer, Loo.

One morning, Jerrid and Compton proceeded together to view the pictures in the gallery of illustration. On entering the ante-room they found themselves opposite to a number of very long looking glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrid: "You've come here to admire works of art! Very well, first feast your eyes on that work of nature," pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass; "look at it! There's a picture for you!" "Yes," said Jerrid, regarding it intently, "very fine—very fine, indeed." Then, turning to his friend: "Wants hanging, though."

RANDOM REMINISCENCES
OF A
NILE VOYAGEUR

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

an extent from the others. The bowman was pulling forward oar and the officer, a captain, was reading a two-months-old *Times* in the stern. I was steering. Looking up, I saw about two hundred yards ahead what seemed to be an Arab, armed and lurking amidst the high rocks of the shore. He saw us and crouched down behind a rock. Now I'm in for it, I thought. He will pot the steersman first. The soldiers' backs were towards him and the officer was reading. If I told the men, oars would be abandoned and rifles seized. The water was swift and we had to go on.

What was I to do?

It is all right enough to talk about fearlessness and utter disregard for death, but that captain was drawing fifty cents a day more than I was, and I think when I placed him in the direct line of fire between the enemy and myself I was justified. I wasn't afraid. Oh! no. But there were several biscuit-boxes piled high in the stern, and when the stroke oar said, "Where is the Canadian?" captious critics might imagine that I was in a cowardly manner secreting myself behind them. I was not; I was merely not asserting myself. Some of those Soudanese fellows are good shots, and the steersman is the most important man in the boat.

I am naturally modest, and as I was not well dressed there was no necessity of displaying myself before the whole continent of Africa *en dishabille*. The anxiety of the men grew urgent. They were working hard against the swift current and they would have liked to have a glimpse of the man who was supposed to be running their hard worked efforts. From behind a biscuit-box and the officer, in a tone of confidence I said, "Oh, I'm all right." The officer was peacefully unconscious. I hated to see him sacrificed, but I hated infinitely worse to do the sacrificial act myself. Officers are easily procured. Sandhurst plucks men by the hundreds but Canadian boatmen are precious. That officer must go. I wondered where he would be hit.

The campaign was to be proceeded with. I certainly couldn't sacrifice my life. There is no finer man on this green earth than the British officer; I know him. But this fellow had to go. *Douce far niente* sort of thing; he had to do it. The Arab had a long rifle. I knew the kind. It wouldn't penetrate a biscuit-box and was a muzzle loader. There were no two shots, and everything looked happy. The officer in the stern was to be the chosen one. The leader in the *Times* was particularly complicated and was settling the affairs of the earth in its usual style, and the captain was immersed. He swam out and said, as his eyes caught sight of the Arab on the bank, "There is one of those beastly Bashi Bazouks." I arose equal to the occasion and superior to biscuit-boxes. I grasped the situation and again appeared before my fellow-man. I am no coward, but biscuits have their usefulness.



LIEUT.-COL. F. C. DENTON, M.P.
Officer in Command of the Canadian Voyageurs.

But, as I said before, that is not what I have against the Bashi Bazouks. This is it. The town of Birt was to be taken. Birt wasn't a large town or a fortified town, but the articles of war had to be observed and extensive preparations had been made for its capture. A large body of the enemy were supposed to occupy it, and a fierce fight was anticipated. Even in Korti, before the Nile Column left, this battle had been fought out on paper. Everybody expected it, and everybody had talked about it for weeks, and when a detachment of Bashi Bazouks brought in word that all the fighting men had left for Berber and that they had fired on the few old men, women and children who had fled on their approach, it didn't make any difference; the "theories," as Private McLooney says, had to be carried out. The town had to be taken properly. If

the brigade had marched in and taken a town without conforming to the rules and regulations, they might have found after they had gone a couple of hundred miles farther on that the Commander-in-Chief would order them back to do it over again and do it properly. Accordingly the artillery was planted on one height, covering the approach of the infantry, who were to march, counter-march, deploy, skirmish, etc., along another. The cavalry were to outflank the possible enemy and the Egyptian Camel Corps were to do something else.

The Canadians were supposed not to be in it and no orders were given them. However, while the soldiers were manoeuvring and prancing all around the neighborhood, we fearless Canadians quietly and unobtrusively strolled out and took the town. There was no human being in it, but there were other things, and when the gallant but unfortunate Lord Avonmore said that there was nothing too big or too heavy on the river for a Canadian to loot, he had lived with us for four months and knew whereof he spoke. There is nothing very much in an ordinary Arab village, but we were not epicurean and would take anything.

As a detachment of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, drawn up in martial array, watched us going through the town in the most workmanlike and thorough manner, their souls were sad within them. They looked on while bags of dates, dhurra, meal, etc., were calmly taken possession of and all right, title and interest therein transferred to the non-combatants without a scratch even of a pen. I had been exploring the innermost recesses of some gentlemanly absentee Arab's abode and only found one small bag of dhurra. I don't like dhurra and was referring in disparaging terms to the character of a man who conducted a household on such a penurious scale, when I saw in a species of back yard, strutting with all the dignity of a Canadian militia officer, a dilapidated specimen of an Arab rooster. I could hardly believe my eyes. There



"Canada! 'tis for thee," I cried.

before me was a prize to dream over. I was always fond of fowl, and corn beef and hard tack for months strengthened the fondness. As if to add fuel to my love he crowed, an ordinary, everyday sort of crow, and although my soul has been uplifted by the rendition of the music of Beethoven, Wagner and others, never did a note strike such a responsive chord in any heart as did that high-pitched cock-a-doodle-doo in mine. My heart went out to him. He would be mine. He didn't seem to want to be, for when I insinuatingly moved towards him he in the most marked manner resented my advances by walking haughtily away. If it were to be done it had better be done quickly. Some other fellow might come along any minute and seize the opportunity and the rooster. By his retiring manner I at once made up my mind that there was only one way to capture him—run him down. Campaign rations and hard work had put me in good condition, and I was fairly fleet of foot. The rooster looked as if he had had careful dieting and harder training, and in sporting parlance was in the pink of condition. I made for him; he ran down a side street with a wall at the end of it. I chuckled. "I have got him now," I said, as my mouth watered. But, no; he took an unfair advantage and used his wings. I may remark that Canadian Voyageurs haven't wings. Over the wall I vaulted, still holding on to the bag of dhurra.

The rooster was heading straight for the open desert, using both legs and wings most vigorously. I buckled down to work, and with elbows well in and head thrown back kept on his trail. He had a good start by this time, but I was getting angry and made up my mind that no Arab hen in the Soudan could do me up if Charles Lewis knew himself, and I thought I did. Great heavens! how that bird could run! I have heard of the fleetness of the Arab horse, but did this fleetness run through the whole live stock? I am willing to confess that I might have given up the chase if it were not that at that moment the rooster deployed slightly to the right, crossed a ridge, and in a minute the pursued and pursuer were in full view of the British Army, that is, that part of it known as the Nile Column. There was no enemy, and naturally the attention of officers and men was centered on the rooster and myself. The 56th, the old Pompadours, one of the crack regiments of the service, was nearest. Everything at that minute, except myself and the rooster, seemed to be at a standstill.

He made straight for the lines, and when within fifty yards swerved and made directly before the alignment of the whole brigade. "Now," I said, as I threw the dhurra bag away, "I will catch that rooster or die." The honor of my country depended upon it. That any Arab hen should beat a Canadian under the circumstances was not to be thought of. The flower of the British Army was looking on. I got my second wind and, noticing the rooster was losing ground, redoubled my efforts. Along the thin red line we ran. The operations of the campaign were suspended pending the result of that race. In full view of the whole army the race proceeded, while the finest regiments in Europe feebly looked on.

I must not be beaten now, and with the thought, "Canada, 'tis for thee," I made a frantic spurt, and throwing myself on the rooster at full length clasped him to my bosom. There was a sympathetic murmur from the 56th as I wrung

the bird's neck. The general and staff had their glasses and saw the whole affair, so there was no necessity of telling them that I was through and that they could go on with the battle.

The ground, badly broken in places, had already been skirmished and the Black Watch moved forward in quarter column to take up a new position. I paused to look at them marching past with the peculiar swinging stride of the Highland march. Their war pipes were madly screaming the Garb of Old Gaul, and "their bonnie green tartans" waved as if belonging to one body. It was a proud sight. Bronzed, bearded, and hardened by the river work, the grim Scotch faces had a determined look that impressed me as I had never been before with the power of disciplined Britons.

There was some badly broken ground ahead which could not have been carefully inspected by the skirmishers, for from behind a rock about forty yards in front of the advancing column a small Arab boy suddenly sprang and with clenched fists faced, alone and unarmed, his people's enemy. There was a slight hitch in the music and an almost imperceptible pause in the onward march. A few hurried commands were given, a change of formation made, the 42nd swept past and a sergeant of the 56th with a dozen soldiers advanced on the boy. I followed them. As we approached, the gallant lad looked anxiously at something behind the rock, and a look of hopeless pain came into his face as he saw the fruitlessness of any effort of his against the advancing party. In a minute the boy was in the soldiers' hands, and looking behind the rock in a natural cavity we saw an Arab woman. She was fearfully wounded by a musket ball fired the previous day by a skulking Bashi Bazouk, and had managed to crawl this far to bleed to death. Her little son had remained with her and had striven with childish courage to defend his mother. A soldier's blanket was procured and the woman carried as carefully as possible to the village. In one of the largest huts we placed her. A surgeon would be useless, and we feared to remove the primitive dressing of the wound. It was evident to all that she was dying, and we stood and watched her life-blood slowly ebb away. The boy stood at his mother's feet and gazed into the dark face of the only being he had yet learned to love. The end was fast approaching and the poor creature opened her eyes and in a doubting, wondering way looked at the strangers and then at her boy. We were silent, and as her eyes rested on her son the wonderful look of mother-love suffused her dark face and her eyes were filled with a yearning, lingering sweetness that brought the soldiers' hearts back to the first memories of life in their far-off homes, where the same look had beamed on them in their cradles from the blue eyes of their English mothers, the look that men carry with them as the one pure memory in their life, the look that men think of on their deathbeds. Lips that were never opened except to give vent to an oath tightened, and hearts that were hardened with the hardness of the world, softened. The woman raised herself slightly and with arms outstretched towards her son muttered a few words in Arabic, and with a long sigh fell back dead. The boy's head fell forward on his breast, and with the peculiar influence of his religion he said slowly and distinctly, "God is great, and Mahomet is His prophet."

And that is the reason I hate the Bashi Bazouks.

The Hard Luck of an Infant.

Taking one consideration with another, the messenger boy's lot is not a happy one. They are rung up to do all sorts of things at so much an hour, but the strangest adventure that ever befell one of the boys had its location on the west side. A woman came into the office. She was heavily veiled, as are all impetuous females, and she carried a baby. The manager was out, but one of the boys was there to attend to business.

"I want you to take this baby to—Washington boulevard," she said.

"Write a card, leddy," said the boy.

"You write it."

He received the baby and the woman gave him an extra quarter. It was a well behaved infant and chuckled at him as he danced it in his arms on the way to the house in Washington boulevard.

A man came to the door. He seemed surprised.

"Here's d' kid," said the boy.

"What kid?" asked the man at the door.

"D' kid de leddy sent me with."

"I don't know anything about it."

"Here's d' number in the book."

"I can't help that. The baby does not belong here. We have no babies and never had any, and I don't want you to bring any here."

The boy had become tired of shifting his tiny burden and was about to lay it on the doorstep, when the man of the house objected.

"Keep it," he said; "take it away."

"Won't you sign for it?"

"No, I should say not. Go on away, now. I don't care to have my neighbors see this."

The boy stood out in front for a while and then went back to the office. On the way he was overtaken by two other boys, who greeted him with yowls of derision.

"Oh, chee! where did y' get it at?" they asked him.

But he was too much worried to enter into the fun of the thing. When he reached the office the manager was there.

"Here's a kid," said he, placing the baby on the counter as he would have dropped any other bundle. "D' man wouldn't sign for it." The baby began to kick and then let out a faint squall.

"Pick it up," said the manager. "You'll have to take care of it until the woman comes back. I don't want it."

The boy was sure he had gone to the right number. He had not taken the woman's name however, and could give no description of her except that she wore a dark dress and seemed to be "all right." Through the long afternoon he cared for the infant. Sometimes he had to carry it up and down the room or jump it on his knee. The other boys assisted in various ways to entertain the small and blinking youngster. No woman came. That evening the police were summoned and they took the baby that no one would sign for, and put it in a foundlings' home, and from there it went to a west side woman who gave it a good home. But they never learned anything more about the veiled woman.—Chicago Record.

Short Stories Retold.

Curran said to Father O'Leary (the wittiest priest of his day): "I wish you were St. Peter." "Why?" asked O'Leary. "Because," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven and could let me in." "It would be better for you," said O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

The German Emperor is credited with a prettily turned compliment in favor of Miss Frida Scotta, the young Danish violinist. After listening attentively, the emperor expressed his appreciation by saying: "If I shut my eyes when you are playing, I could fancy it was Sarasate, but I much prefer to keep them open."

Colonel Wat Hardin of Kentucky was recently asked if he did not regard a certain man in Washington, who had dealt most villainously with him, as the most pluperfect, unmitigated scoundrel he ever knew. The colonel studied the question with thoughtful gravity for a moment and finally decided: "No; I am committed to a fellow out in Ohio."—Argonaut.

The chief of the Leslies is said to have prayed before a battle: "Be on our side! An' gin we canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see thee carles get a hidin' that most please ye." An old Covenanter, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, hae a care o' Job, for he is on the great deep, an' Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. And hae a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' Thee. But ye need na faah yerse' wi' wee Willy, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

Captain Derby, better known to fame by his literary name, "John Phoenix," perpetrated a joke which is one of the classics at West Point. The *Theoretical Journal* of the siege prescribes just what is to be done in investing a fortification, with the invariable result—theoretical, of course—that the works are obliged to surrender within a certain number of days. Professor Mahan called upon Derby to explain how, with a given number of guns and strength of garrison, he would defend a fort. "I would immediately evacuate the fort, then lay siege to it, and recapture it in forty-one days," replied Derby.—Harper's Weekly.

An extraordinary story of the danger of phonetic spelling is told by an Australian paper. A Scandinavian named Ole Baumgartz, who is established in Australia as a schoolmaster, was astonished and outraged one day by the receipt of the following missive: "Old Boom guts, is queer. Cur, ass, you are a man of no legs. I wish to inter my bowie into your skull." A conference was held, and the writer, a new-comer, was visited by a body of inhabitants and asked indignantly to read his letter aloud, and say what he meant by it. He read: "Ole Baumgartz, Esq. Sir: As you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my boy in your school."

There was but one church in the town, and that was a Presbyterian. There were a few Universalists in the town who once in a while held a meeting in a school-house. One Sabbath during the service in the church, someone came up the aisle and handed the pastor a notice and quickly retired. While the hymn was being sung the minister looked at the notice. He had never been asked to give a notice before; but by the time the long hymn was ended he was ready. He got up and said: "Brethren and sisters, I have been requested to give notice here to-day that a set of people who believe in universal salvation will hold a meeting next Lord's Day in the red school-house in the north east district. But, brethren, we believe better things!"

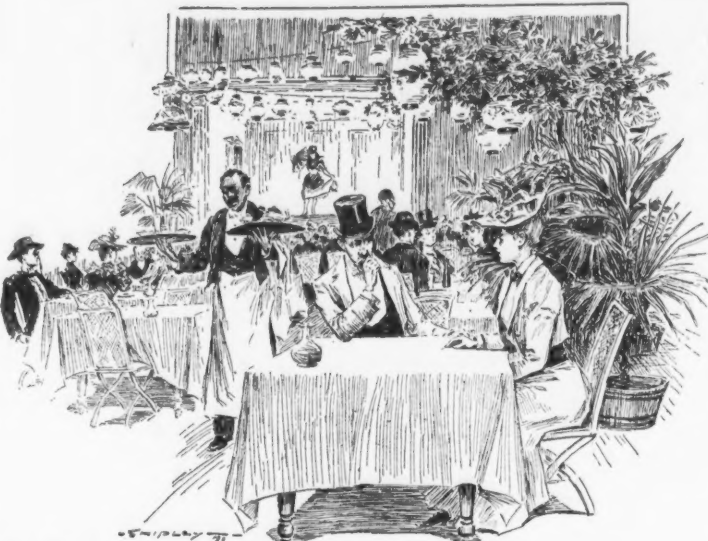
He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way but expenses. One day his daughter informed him in an unfeeling manner that if he did not give her a diamond bracelet, worth at least £150, she would elope with the coachman. "Come to my arms, my darling child," he exclaimed, as the tears of joy coursed down his wrinkled cheeks; "come to my arms!" "Do I get the bracelet?" she asked, hesitating. "Of course not," he smiled delightedly; "you get the coachman. I owe him eight months' wages." That ended it.—Tit-Bits.

During President Arthur's term, he, with Robert Lincoln and other members of his cabinet, took a trip through the South and West. Abraham Lincoln was born in Larue County, Kentucky, and a farmer living near his birthplace, known as "Uncle Bob" Hays, conceived the idea of cutting a cane on the old Lincoln place and presenting it to Mr. Lincoln. With great labor he prepared a speech, and practiced it daily. Just before starting for Louisville he wrapped the manuscript around the cane, and tied it with twine. When the President's party arrived, Uncle Bob, seizing his opportunity, began in a loud voice: "Mr. Lincoln—Startled, they looked up. "Mr. Lincoln—Dear Sir: I have the honor—as an humble representative of Larue County—in the great commonwealth of Kentucky—to present to you this cane—not for its intrinsic worth—but as a memento of that great and good man—whose name is dear to all. Mr. Lincoln, in presenting this cane—ah—ah—Mr. Lincoln—in presenting this cane—I say—Mr. Lincoln, in presenting this cane—" In vain he tried to recall what came next, then, with a sudden return to his ordinary voice, and in a tone indicative of the greatest kindness and consideration: "Mr. Lincoln, I reckon you are tired, and the rest of the speech is wrapped around he head of that cane."—Argonaut.

Timid Young Author: Haven't you read my poem too hastily? I am sure, sir, it has some good features about it that you would see on a more careful reading.

Editor (with a sudden suspicion): You are not trying to work off an acrostic on us, are you, miss?—Chicago Tribune.

Extremes Meet.



Miss Bacon—On the ranch we girls ride the horses bare backed. Mr. Knickerbocker (severely)—I should think the sun would blister you terribly.

Sundry Pretty Gowns.

A NEW flash given to the wrists of long mutton-leg sleeves is easily carried out by home dressmakers. It consists of a little ruffle sewed to the end of the sleeves, and extending up around the hand as the calyx about a flower. This is not a gathered ruffle, but a circular frill, made from a square of about seven inches by rounding off the corners and cutting a round hole in the middle for the hand to pass through. It is made double, and is stitched to the sleeve without fulness. When the dress is trimmed with another fabric, and one of a different color, the added fabric forms the inside next the hand, as a frill of black sacking faced inside with cerise velvet or satin like that used for the collar and belt. When finished the ruffle is only two inches wide. The outer edges are first sewed together, then turned and stitched on the outside. The frill is attached to the sleeve by two rows of stitching, and the sleeve is faced with a band of silk. That the hand may pass through the frill easily, it is well to leave the outer seam of the sleeve open a space of two inches, and close it by two hooks and loops. The ruffle is also left open a slight distance beyond the sleeve, but the edges should meet closely to preserve the circular appearance.

White and pink gowns remain the favorite of the season, not for debutantes only, but for their older sisters, for young matrons, and are even worn by mothers when introducing their daughters.

Satin and moire with trimmings of tulle, lace and chiffon, and a few flowers were carefully used, make up the prettiest ball gowns. Tulle dresses are seldom seen, but there is a



return to draperies, over-skirts, and sleeves of Lyons tulle on what modistes call "solid" dresses of rich satins and silks, whether white or colored. Among many ball gowns one of the most chic is of pink satin, with a white tulle over-skirt widely bound with pink satin ribbon. The satin skirt of six breadths, just touching the floor, is cut to cling about the hips and flare at the foot, with full curving godet folds in the back. The tulle over-skirt has a short apron front without fulness, and only about twelve inches long, then curves lower on the sides to reach the foot in the back. A flounce of accordion-pleated tulle trims the foot. In the lower space on the satin front are two clusters of pink blossoms, either trailing arbutus or hawthorn, one branched with leaves and stems high on the right side, the other, a smaller bunch, near the foot on the left. The low round waist has puffs of satin as sleeves, with a drapery of tulle around the neck held by a vine of blossoms.

White moire corsages have the front turned back from neck to waist in pointed revers of the moire doubled and merely stitched on the edges. The V space between the revers is filled in with white chiffon gathered very full at the top in small tucks that form a *ruche*. Soft puffs of chiffon form short sleeves that are covered by epaulettes of real lace—Alencon, duchesse, or applique—which start next the chiffon *ruche*, and after draping the sleeves extend across the back. A twist of the moire edges the waist instead of a belt, and ends under a small Medici bow set on the pointed back. To complete these dainty bodices a bit of color is added in a single large rose or chrysanthemum posed high on the left side with a leafy long stem extending to the twist on the edge. The flaring moire skirt has full godets and is untrimmed, or else has a ten-inch flounce of the chiffon finely pleated and headed with a tucked *ruche* like that of the corsage.

Pale yellow satin gowns are also effective, whether draped with white tulle in "shawl" fashion" of two breadths hanging full and straight in the back, or else trimmed with yellow chiffon, black velvet ribbons and dark brown fur, which may be sable, but is more often mink. A skirt of palest lemon colored satin with fine white stripes *pointille* with black has a puff and double *ruche* of yellow chiffon held by *choux* of black ribbon velvet, and finished at the foot by a narrow band of brown fur. The low corsage, pointed sharply in front and back, has a square neck edged with fur, while bands of fur extend up from the point in front and go over the shoulders, a fall of lace filling the V space, and also forming a ruffle on the puffed satin sleeves. Other yellow satins have a brocaded design of white meshes like those of lace woven on their surface and dotted with black. French modistes interline these skirts with thin wadding to make them fall in rich folds, and complete them by a fur band as a border at the foot.

Sweet peas in all their varied colors are tied up with pink satin ribbons to decorate pink or white ball gowns. Pink chrysanthemums are bunched with dark shaded leaves of velvet. Bands of small pink roses all in a row are placed around the neck, with a fringe below of their green foliage, while for the foot of the skirt are rose borders, yellow, pink or dark Jacqueminot red, of the flowers crushed together with petals stripped from the blossoms and drooping below.

White and black costumes for the theater are of quarter-inch stripes alternately of white *faile* and black satin. This forms the large puffed sleeves and the skirt. The waist is of white chiffon, banded with jet galloon, and finished with a jet necklace and wide jet belt. Full epaulettes of lace fall over large sleeves. A jet bonnet has a box-pleated brim of white lace. Black roses rest on the front, and from them spring wings and an aigrette of open jet. The only bit of color is a cluster of red roses thrust in the belt of the gown. A beautiful brunette wears pearl-gray bengaline, made up with much lace about the neck, a white chiffon bonnet with jet wings, and a short mantle of black velvet made as two full capes and a ruff; the whole edged with points of duchesse lace. A less showy dress is of black silk *pointille* with white, made with a triple skirt, each skirt piped with a fold of white satin. The round waist with surplice front has white gulfure lace and jet trimming. LA MODE.

Willing to Wait.
Husband—Did you see me kiss my hand to you this morning after I had left the house?
Wife—Why, John, I wasn't near the window then.
Husband—I wonder who it was?
Wife—I don't know, but the servant girl told me this morning she guessed she would try it another week.

No Wonder
The story is told of a parent who had become a recent convert to hypnotism. His small son, who had heard him discussing the subject, asked what hypnotism was. He did not answer, but with the imperative manner of a

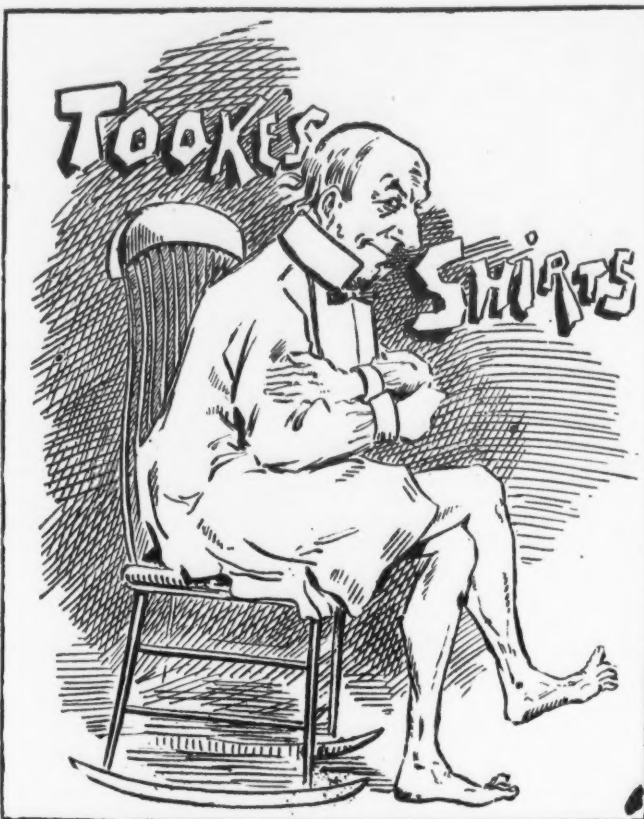


INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if it were in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine.—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

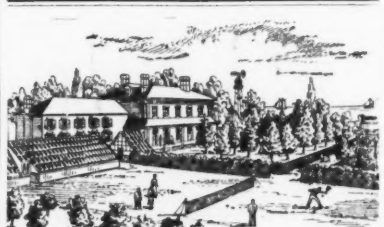
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
Prompt to act, sure to cure



He's happy now he's got it on!

professional measurer, said: "Now, Jimmy, do you hear? That is not a clock, but a dicky-bird, chip, chip!" Jimmy turned and fled precipitately, crying: "Mamma! Mamma! Papa's got the jim-jams."—Argonaut.

English Women.
It is estimated that nine out of ten of the well dressed women throughout Great Britain wear Priestley's Dress Fabrics in some form. The best goods are partly wool, partly silk, the two being so perfectly combined and woven together that each lends the other a higher beauty. These goods are now becoming very popular in Canada. The trade mark is a varnished board on which the goods are wrapped. Ask for them.



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CATARRH
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The Double Breasted Prince Albert Coat...

The Prince Albert coat still continues the premier garment, its dressy character and elegance of outline, suitable for all forms and ages, rendering its superiority indisputable. The materials selected for such coats are rough makes of Black Cheviot, Black or Gray Vicmas, uncut Worsteds. Materials with almost imperceptible blue tints are also freely used. They are worn very long and full skirted, the lapels well peaked and of ample proportions, they will be evenly spaced for five buttons and the roll will extend to the third. The edges are stitched close and the sleeves have full cuffs finished plain; the vest to be of the same material as coat; the trousers also of the same material, but if necessary something in a lighter shade in stripe or check to blend is very appropriate. Such are the goods which are now selling, and of which I have an exceedingly fine line.

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MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,
Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret,"
"Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.

Archie Severn's spirits improved with his change of residence. When the shock of his suspicions of Felix's reasons for wishing him to leave Redwood had passed over, he was rather pleased than otherwise to have a change of air and occupation, and he soothed himself for his absence from Marjory, whom indeed he greatly missed, by attending all the places of amusement that he could find. Frequent visits to theaters and music-halls had the effect of dissipating his depression, and by the end of the week he was more disposed to sleep in town than to take the trouble of coming down to Southminster every evening, in spite of his previous declaration that the hot, close London air would kill him.

He had intended, on the evening of Jenny's visit to Marjory, to dine with a friend at his club, but when the dinner hour was drawing near he received a note to say that his host had been taken suddenly ill and would be obliged to postpone the entertainment for a few days. Archie was put out. He was a little tired of going to the play, and he had counted on this dinner as a means of procuring money; for he was pretty sure of being able to persuade his friend to lend him a ten pound note or so. Especially when he was able to state that Felix Hyde was coming home so soon; for Felix was looked on in the light of a banker by Archie's friends.

But the engagement was broken, and there was no chance of funds forthcoming from Gorge Lincois, his London friend. Archie had the best of reasons for feeling disappointed. He had already got into debt, and in disreputable ways which he did not altogether like to acknowledge. Indeed, he did not mean to acknowledge them. He meant to go to Marjory and inform her peremptorily that she must supply him, out of her housekeeping money or the sums she set aside for the rent; it would be all right when Felix came home, for he was always ready to supply her, and in the meantime it was her duty to do everything she could do for his comfort.

That was rather the mistake which Archie was prone to make—that the world and its inhabitants were created for his benefit, and that he was an injured man unless they conformed to his wishes. He knew, only the other day he had suggested to her that this and that could be done "when Felix Hyde came back," and she had replied, a little short: "Felix Hyde's return will make no difference to me."

He is very generous," Archie had insinuated, and then she had exclaimed, with considerable heat: "We ought to be the last persons to take advantage of his generosity."

Archie had shrugged his shoulders and said no more; but he had no intention of allowing Marjory "to make a fool of herself," as he elegantly phrased it, in that way.

She might pet and fume as much as she pleased, but he was determined to have all the money that she had in the house; and if she were in difficulties afterwards she might apply to Felix. He had no shame on the point at all. He was so certain of his rights in the matter of Marjory's submission and Felix Hyde's compliance, that he was not even depressed by the consciousness of a coming conflict. Marjory's unflinching regard for his wishes was, in reality, demoralizing him. He had come to think that there was nothing which he might not demand from her.

He telegraphed to her that night that he was coming, and then dined at a restaurant, where he knew that some specially fine wine and good cooking could be procured. A good part of the two sovereigns in his pocket went for his dinner that night. He had little more than enough to pay his fare, to Southminster, and he reflected with satisfaction that Marjory would be obliged to hand over some of her store if she really wished him to go to London again next morning. Immunity from danger had given him a braggart's courage. He was rather inclined—after his half-bottle of champagne, his black coffee and liqueur—to laugh at her fears and Felix's wishes to scorn and take a day in the country instead of returning to hot and smoky London. It was absurd, he told himself, to imagine that a man like Strangways, or Strong, was looking for him in every shadowy corner, or at every turn in the road.

The mood continued until he had gone part of the way to Southminster, and then his false courage lapsed away and he began to grow nervous at the thought of the lonely walk. "I wish I'd told Marjory to come and meet me," he soliloquized. "A woman would be better than nothing. And, by Jove! I've left my revolver behind me. I wish I could remember to carry it. If that old ruffian were to track me down and get at me I should be no better than a dead man."

He shuddered at the thought. It was not pleasant to think of himself as lying dead. The invincible fear of death that had already caused him to commit a selfish deed, which might at any moment bring condign punishment, was stronger than ever upon his mind. He was one of the men who cringe and turn pale when they are threatened with death.

"What a fool I am!" he said to himself, as he sat alone in the railway carriage and looked out at the soft darkness of the summer night. "That man has never appeared on the scene again. I suppose he was passing through the village and has gone on to Exeter, or wherever it is that his niece lives. Odd coincidence that he should have anything to do with Redwood and Jenny Chadwick! But probably all the danger's over now; and at any rate" with an uneasy laugh—"he is not at all likely to be prowling about the fields near Minster Heath. I should be more likely to meet him at Southminster, if he were about the place."

But it never occurred to him as conceivable even that the man Jerry Strong should be in hiding all this time in the neighborhood of Redwood and Southminster—that he should have ascertained all Archie Severn's probable movements—that for the last few days he should have been waiting near the station to see Archie alight from the train; and that when Archie did not come he had hit upon the strangely brilliant idea of transmitting a note to Minster Heath every evening to meet the last train from London there. He had done this for two nights now, and Archie was bound for Minster Heath at last. But would they meet? They might miss each other at the station after all.

Utterly unconscious of the danger that awaited him, Archie noticed with delight the slackening of the train and reflected that his journey was nearly over, and that the walk across the fields would not take very long. He got out at the station and stopped for a moment's chat with the porter who took his ticket.

"Fine night, Morton. Not many passengers by this train."

"Not many," said Morton, as the train glided out of the station once again.

"Off duty yet?" asked Archie.

"Nearly," said the man, who was reticent of words.

"You live near Redwood, don't you? Suppose you strike out across the fields with me. Pleasant for two than one, don't you think?"

If he could but have seen the rugged ghastly face that was turned to him in the darkness, the fierce eyes and clutching hands of the enemy that laid wait for his steps!

"Can't, sir," said the porter civilly. "I've got to wait until the express

passes in about half an hour. You don't care to stop for that, I suppose!"

"Well, no, I think not," replied Archie, rather afraid of seeming cowardly. "My wife will be sitting up for me. Good night, Morton."

"Wonder why he faked the walk?" said the porter to himself, as the young man swung himself away into the darkness. "For he did funk it, and no mistake. He looked as frightened as a girl."

He was right. Archie was undeniably nervous. And the fields that stretched between the station and the high road leading to Redwood were long enough to be shirked by anybody who had not a clear conscience and a courageous heart.

The lights of the station were not out of sight; the first field had not been crossed, when it seemed to Archie that he was being followed. He turned once or twice, but could see nothing. The footpath lay close to a hedge, alongside of which ran a deep dry ditch, where a man could creep or crouch unseen. Archie felt that he should be glad when that field was crossed.

He was at the first stile now. He laid his hand upon the topmost bar and prepared to cross it. At that moment, just when he was, to some extent, at a disadvantage, something seemed to heave itself out of the hedge upon him—something descended with a crushing blow upon his head and struck him to the ground. He had not time to parry the blow, nor to call for help; the whole thing was over in a moment, and he lay on the ground insensible, with the blood trickling from a cut upon his forehead, which had come in contact with the projecting piece of wood which formed a step to the stile.

Insensible, but not dead. "Plenty of life in him yet," muttered the terrible old man who had struck him down. "He'll come to himself presently and know me. I'll make all sure afore that happens, or my name ain't Jerry Strong."

He produced a coil of rope, which he had kept twisted round his body underneath his coat; and with this rope he proceeded to bind the young man's limbs, tying the knots so tightly that it was impossible for him to move hand or foot. Then he gazed him with a coarse red handkerchief, which he took out of his pocket, though at present the gag seemed needless, for his victim was not in a condition to have spoken or cried out. But Jerry Strong had his own ends in view. When the binding and gagging processes were complete, the old man managed, with great and painful effort, to hoist the helpless Archie Severn upon his shoulders, and then, striking out to the left hand, he began to cross the field towards the station; or, rather, to a point of the railway line which was at some distance from the station itself.

Archie came partially to himself during the transit, and endeavored to struggle, but the attempt was unavailing, as he was too securely tied to be able to move. The old man took no notice of his movements, nor of the inarticulate sounds which he contrived to utter. Perhaps Archie hoped that his captor would approach the station—where he knew that Morton, the porter, was still busy—near enough to allow of his moans and cries to be heard, or that he might be seen or rescued; but Jerry Strong was too wily to incur that risk. He had laid his plans with accuracy indeed. There was a gap in the hedge at one point, and through this gap a piece of waste ground could be reached, and then the railway line. Archie shuddered, and again lost consciousness. He saw that there was no escape, and the nearness of his danger paralyzed him completely.

When he came to himself he was lying on his back—where he could not yet say—and a man was bending over him, with his long lean fingers at the victim's throat. Archie felt the clutch, felt the pressure of his enemy's knee upon his chest, before the mist cleared away from his eyes and he could see the features of the face that bent above him. There was a thrill of despairing horror ran through all his limbs. This was the scene that had haunted him in his dreams for many a month; that savage face, those fierce and hungry eyes, those clutching hands upon his throat—for a moment he even fancied that it was all a dream, and that he should awake and find himself at Marjory's side, far, far away from the vengeance of Jerry Strong.

But this was reality and no dream. Little by little things became plain to him. The cloudy sky above him threw but little light, yet there was enough for him to read the cruel purpose in the implacable old face above him. He could just see the telegraph posts on either side of the line; he felt that he was lying straight across the iron way. Darkness on the right hand and the left; darkness beneath him; not one sound, not one sound to break the stillness of the summer night. In his sick helplessness, his ghastly horror, it was almost a relief to him when the old man spoke.

"I've got you at last," he said. "I've been tracking you long enough. Do you remember me? I'll call myself to your memory. You was on the Aurora with me when it went down. We was both on the wreck together."

My daughter too; the best and sweetest girl as ever trod God's earth. Do you remember? "I told you to give her the life-belt I'd taken off myself. It was her last chance. Instead of that, you took it for your own damned self, saying that a woman's life weren't of so much consequence as yours. How much is a woman's life worth now, eh? It'll take you to pay for hers, and I'll make you settle the debt. Do you understand?"

Archie tried hard to speak, tried with agonizing efforts to loose himself from the bonds that held him; but he was too tightly bound. And what was that distant murmur? What that quiver of the earth beneath him? What murderous iron monster was drawing near?

"You didn't think I should live to avenge her death, did you? You hoped I should die, as she did. She died; yes. She felt the water creep up round her, and she knew that she was going to meet her death; but when I swore an oath that if you escaped I'd seek you and track you down, and when I had trapped you I would take care that you met with a death that you should know was coming long before it came. Do you know where you are now?"

By the trembling of his limbs, by the agonized appeal in his eyes, it was plain that Archie knew. But Strong had no mercy. The hour of revenge had struck; and the man who had robbed his daughter of her life must meet his doom. The murmur in the distance was growing louder as he spoke.

"You are on the line, and the express train from London to Southampton is on its way. You hear it, do you not? It's coming nearer—nearer—nearer. It will pass over your body as you lie here, and tear you limb from limb. You have about three minutes to live. Your murderer! If you hope to have mercy from God ask it now, for you will never have another chance. No; it's no use struggling and crying. You are going to die, because you killed my Mary; and I shall see you die and glory in your dying agonies. Do you hear the train?"

Plainly enough was it to be heard now. A sudden roar, coming nearer and nearer, and shaking the ground on which the two men lay. Strong lifted his head and looked; there was a strange, wild smile of triumph on his contorted features.

"I see the two red lights," he said. "It is coming. Death is close upon you now. Prepare—prepare to meet your God."

He half rose, meaning perhaps to remove himself from the path of danger while there was time. From the way in which he had spoken of witnessing Archie's dying agonies, it was tolerably plain that he meant to stand aside and watch. But, with a last supreme effort, Archie at this moment got one hand partially free and made a movement sideways. Strong instantly threw himself again upon him, clutching him by the throat and held him down.


"I will die with you sooner than let you go," he hissed in Archie's ear.

The roar was of thunder now. The great black monster was close upon them now, with its flaming fire and belching steam, and terrible resistlessness of power. Possibly in that last moment the younger and weaker man lost consciousness; but there was no lack of consciousness in the eyes of the avenger of blood. Lifting his head, he greeted the death that was approaching with a grim, triumphant smile. The searchers said that that smile was imprinted on his face when, not very much later, they found him dead.

There was a jar—a shock—to the express; but the driver, who looked out anxiously, could not make out any obstacle upon his way. He was soon over, so easily done. Not even a cry broke the stillness of the night. But Jerry Strong's black work was done, and the wrongs of his daughter Mary were avenged.

(To be Continued.)

Our readers will notice the advertisement of Messrs. Cutts & Sons of London, Glasgow and Manchester, in our columns. Their Acid Cure is a well known remedy, having the endorsement of prominent professional and civic magnates all over the world. The beneficial action of Acetocuria in disease arises from two effects of the treatment. First, the acid by virtue of its chemical affinity to the waste matter in the body, combines with this and carries it off in gaseous vapour and greasy waste, thus unloading the capillaries and reducing congestion, thereby relieving the whole system. Secondly, as a stimulant bringing an adequate supply of arterial blood to the nerve centers in the brain and spinal cord, giving these healthy and renewed activity. The reason for rubbing until a flush, or smarting, or both is produced on the skin is that these effects prove that the pure life-giving blood has been brought to the nerve-centers as well as to the skin. Whenever this has been accomplished congestion has been relieved and the nerves have regained their tone. Prolonging the rubbing for the time being is then unwise, as further application would only make the skin tender and possibly render the regular daily treatment, so necessary to the curative process, impracticable because of severe smarting.



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AT ALL GROCERS.

English Opinion

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A New Through Sleeping Car Line FROM CHICAGO TO SEATTLE

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Great Northern railways, has been established, and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 10.30 p.m., arriving at Seattle 11.30 p.m., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific coast.

For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. TAYLOR, Canadian Pass. Agent, C. M. and St. P. R. Y. 97 York street, Toronto, Ont.

From Miss Violet Comerhorn, ex-danouse of the Varieties, to Miss Kittie Kieckhof, of the Gayeties:

"DEAR KIT—I am to interview a manager this morning at ten. Please lend me your mother. V."—Judge.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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To be obtained through all grocery stores, and wholesale from
STANWAY & BAYLEY
42 Front Street East - - Toronto

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE "MONSOON" TEAS

Indian and Ceylon
The most delicious Teas on the market.
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

Fur
 Ladies' Fur Jacket
 Ladies' Ga
 THIS SALE
 W & D D

Social and Personal.

Mrs. A. W. Croil gave a delightful afternoon tea on Thursday of last week to about two hundred of her friends. Mrs. Croil was assisted in receiving by her mother, while a boy of young ladies assiduously performed the duties of the tea-room. The decorations were entirely of pink and white; pink roses were strewn gracefully over the table and were to be found in every available corner of the house. The Mandolin Orchestra of Buffalo supplied delightfully soft and sweet music, while several little fairy-like girls fitted through the crowd distributing bon-bons. Mrs. Croil received in a rich black velvet trimmed with ermine and white silk bodice. Among those present were: Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Allen Baines, Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Hume Brown, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Willie Baines, Mrs. W. D. Gregory, the Misses Heddy, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Bosworth, Miss Dunstan, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. George Dunstan, Miss Pattulo, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Alfred Marsh, Miss Kingmill, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Macdonell, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Blossom Kingmill, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Proudfoot, Mrs. Reid and many others. The reception was followed by a dance in the evening for the young ladies who assisted the hostess.

A very pleasant tea for quite young people was given by Miss Wilkes of Bloor street on Thursday.

Miss Pauline Johnson gave a drawing-room recital on Thursday evening of last week in Rideau Hall before Lord and Lady Aberdeen and a number of guests.

Mrs. E. C. Cameron of London is visiting friends in the city.

HELIOTROPE
AND
INFANTS DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP
JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
TORONTO
Sole Manufacturers

STAMMERING Permanently cured. Terms not extreme. Cure guaranteed in all cases. Linton Institute, 10, 12 and 14, Yonge St. Arcade. G. W. Linton, Principal

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND
Kent Bros.

... GREAT ...

Unreserved Auction Sale

Diamonds
Watches
Jewelry
Silverware
Clocks
Bronzes
Spectacles
Eyeglasses
Dresden Goods
Fancy Goods, etc., etc.

TO COMMENCE ON

THURSDAY, FEB. 1st

And continue every Afternoon and Evening until the whole stock is disposed of. Afternoons at 2:30; evenings at 7:30

KENT BROS. would again intimate that having sold their premises they must vacate the same on the 1st day of March; therefore, the whole stock, including the elegant Fixtures and Furnishings, will be sold for whatever they will bring.

The sale will be personally conducted by Mr. Charles M. Henderson.

KENT BROS.

186 YONGE STREET

Sign of the Indian Clock . . .

"A NIGHT WITH THE GODS"

James Whitcomb Riley and Douglass Sherley

PAVILION, JANUARY 30

Kleiser's Star Course—Plan at Nordheimer's—Prices, \$1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents.

PAULINE JOHNSON—OWEN A. SMILY

Hall of Young Woman's Christian Guild (Next to Association Hall)

MONDAY EVEG. JANUARY 29th.

25c. to all parts of Hall. Attractive new programme.

A LITTLE THING
BUT A
GREAT INVENTION.

PRYM'S WHALEBONE AND CONTINUOUS HOOKS & EYES

Will enable every Lady to have a Perfect Fitting Bodice for any length of time.

THEY POSSESS TWO PROMINENT ADVANTAGES:

FIRST. The lengthened base keeps the dress from wrinkling.

SECOND. The curve made just at the back of the hook effectually prevents any part of the dress becoming unfastened.

Within a few months nearly every intelligent lady in Canada and the U. S. will be using Prym's Patent Reform Hooks and Eyes.

OLD STYLE
Bodice with old-fashioned Hooks and Eyes after four weeks' use only. Showing the giving and pulling of the dress material where hooks and eyes are sewn on, gaps and creases all over, producing an imperfect fit. Can be had of all Dry Goods Merchants and Dressmakers.

NEW STYLE
Bodice with Prym's Patent Reform Hooks and Eyes after more than six months' use. All still perfect. The dress material caught in all parts by the lengthened loops. Equal tension in all parts. When next you are shopping please ask to see them.

GLASSFORD BROS. & POLLOCK
Sole Agents for Canada, 28 Leinster Street, Montreal
Sell only the Wholesale Trade

G. R. RENFREW & Co.

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To Her Majesty the Queen

Have always on hand a complete stock

LADIES'
Seal Skin Garments
Shoulder Capes
Ruffs, Muffs
and Gauntlets

FUR LINED GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

71 & 73 King St. East, Toronto

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INSTITUTE OF
Dermatology and Physical Culture

31 AVENUE STREET, Wide Part of College Street, Near University Street, TORONTO
TELEPHONE 1858 . . .

OUR SPECIALTIES:

CURING SKIN DISEASES, EITHER SLIGHT AFFECTIONS OR THE WORST CHRONIC CASES
CURE SCABS AND SMALL-POX PITTING

BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION Our treatments differ with the requirements of each different skin. Not one cure for all.

ELECTROLYSIS The only remedy endorsed by physicians for the permanent removal of SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. We removed 1,500 hairs from one lady's face, without leaving a scar and with almost no pain, as we used the best of a method known to science. In four months, only four of the 1,500 hairs had returned. We give this lady's address, by permission. This is only one of many cases. Nearly every day some lady, who has used a Depilatory under some name or other, calls to show us that the lotion or paste has made her hair grow much stronger and thicker.

SCALP TREATMENTS Electrolysis is the only proper way to remove hair and is endorsed by men of science everywhere.

HAIR DYEING AND BLEACHING Everyone praises them. We guarantee to remove dandruff and make hair grow on any head, unless the hair follicles are dead, when nothing will make them alive again.

MANICURING We dye gray hair any shade, from the palest golden to black. Black or dark hair bleached or changed to any desired color. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. We use nothing but what is perfectly harmless.

OUR GERMAN BATHS You may have your hands and nails beautifully treated while your hair is drying or your face is being done.

PHYSICAL CULTURE Are every day curing ladies and children of nervous, skin and rheumatic diseases. One lady gained ten pounds in flesh while taking seven baths.

For developing the figure, walking and standing correctly, and straightening stooping shoulders.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

31 AVENUE STREET, TORONTO

UNIQUE PRESENTS

We are now making a special display of

Turkish Embroideries

COMPRISING

Table Covers, Pillow Covers, Table Centers, &c.

Syrian Coffee Tables and Inlaid Tabourettes

ALSO SOME FINE SPECIMENS OF

Modern and Antique Rugs, Kelisms, Gourkas, Phoolkarries, &c.

This collection surpasses anything hitherto shown in Toronto, and we cordially invite inspection.

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DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist
Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4385
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

RIGGS' MODERN DENTISTRY

We employ only the very latest and best approved methods and appliances in all our dental operations. Our work in gold filling, crowning, and bridging is distinguished for its finish, beauty and great durability.
DR. C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge Streets.
Over the new C. P. R. Office.

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Central Dental Parlor, N. W. cor. Spadina & Queen Sts.
Special attention paid to painless operating. Toronto.

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45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto.

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Dr. J. J. Gee

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Address—335 Jarvis St., cor. Gerrard.

DR. G. STERLING RYERSON, L.R.C.S.E.

60 College Street, Toronto
Consultation Hours—9 to 2.

DR. A. ORR HASTINGS

Cor. Selby and Sherbourne Streets
Office Hours—8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.
Telephone No. 3816

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.

EYE AND EAR SURGEON
137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

DR. ANDERSON

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Telephone 510. No. 5 College Street, Toronto

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Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto. Cor. Market and Erie Streets, Bradford. The Greatest, Finest Equipped and Most Progressive Commercial Schools in Canada. Students admitted at any time. Circulars free. SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

DANCING

Infinitely superior to any known method.

MA TH. DP. PT. MC. ST.
MT. PE. GL. HF. PE.
CA. EX. AD. E. S. RD.

This is a dictionary of abbreviated English technical terms, devised and successfully used by PROF. JOHN F. DAVIS, for the purpose of intelligently explaining every known dance of Society. Simple and easily understood. Six private or twelve class lessons fill the bill. Payments easy: terms light. New classes (1894) now forming—Javalines (day), Ladies (evening), Gentlemen (evening). Private lessons as may be agreed upon. Experience with over 17,000 pupils. Wilton Avenue (109) and Mutual Street. Transfer to Church Street care.

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(President of the Elocutionists' Association of Canada.)
Largest and most advanced School of Oratory in Canada.
DEPARTMENTS—School of Voice Culture, School of Physical Culture, School of Dramatic Art, School of Belles Lettres. Fall Term September 12.
For Catalogue address Francis Joseph Brown, care of Y. M. C. A., Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

Mr. Magill begs to announce the removal of his
SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR BOYS
to 45 Bloor Street East. The new school is now open to receive a limited number of Boarding and Day pupils.
W. MAGILL, 45 Bloor Street East.

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THE STOLEN KISS

New and charming Waltz Song. Music by EVA L. STONIER.

For Sale by . . .
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
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Special attention given to orders.
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All Society Dances taught in one term. Classes forming for ladies or gentlemen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Private pupils per appointment. Call or send for prospectus.
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HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER
STUDIOS AT HAMILTON AND DUNDAS

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World's Fair Views

From One Dollar Per Dozen

A FINE COLLECTION OF
LANTERN SLIDES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

for Sale or to Rent for Exhibitions.

MICKLETHWAITE'S GALLERY

Cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto

SPECIAL
"Once A Year"

SALE

CARPETS & CURTAINS **FOSTER & PENDER**
ALL PRICES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES

OUR show windows all next week will afford an eloquent declaration of our purpose to clear off all Carpets and Curtains left over from last Fall at less than their value, in order to obtain the requisite space for the reception of our immense direct importations of new styles and patterns for our Spring trade, which are now on their way across the ocean. There are hundreds of patterns besides those which are shown in our windows, and the prices are marked in plain figures on all. We are relying on these prices to clear off everything placed in this sale.

BRUSSELS SQUARES

Made up of remnants of the choicest patterns are having a popular run at our prices. Have you seen the collection?

FOSTER & PENDER

14 and 16 King Street East
Toronto

A GIGANTIC FUR SALE

Must Have Money for their Goods Before the 15th of February

MESSERS. W. & D. DINEEN are now conducting a sale which has never been equalled in quantities offered, in style and quality of garments and in lowness of price. Prices are lower by a very large percentage than ever before quoted in Toronto. The large stock—\$100,000 worth of high quality furs—is composed entirely of new style garments, manufactured in the prevailing fashions in Dineen's own manufactory, and all are of the very best workmanship and finish.

The mild weather which prevailed for some weeks had the effect of reducing the season's business somewhat, and in consequence the stock is now much larger than could be disposed of this season under ordinary conditions. Dineen's stock, however, is never carried over. New goods are manufactured for each season, and the rule will not be broken this year.

Arrangements have already been made for the Spring Stock, and the Fur Stock must be cleared out before the end of the month, whatever the cost, for money must be obtained and room provided for Spring Goods.

Prices are a way down, therefore. They're lower than the public can have any conception of without comparing the goods. Of course it is impossible to give many prices in small space, but here are a few as samples:

- Fur-lined Cloaks, \$10 to \$15
- Greenland Seal Capes, \$20 to \$30
- Fur and Fur-lined Coats, \$18 to \$100
- Ladies' Fur Jackets, \$25 to \$75
- Ladies' Gauntlets, \$5 to \$10
- Gentlemen's Gauntlets, \$4 to \$12

THIS SALE IS FOR CASH ONLY

W. & D. DINEEN, Cor. King and Yonge Sts.



Social and Personal.

An exceedingly smart tea was given by Mrs. David Walker on Friday afternoon of last week at which a large number of guests were in attendance. Mrs. Walker's duties as hostess were rendered very easy by the able assistance of Mesdames Wright, Moffatt, Gibson and Cameron and Miss Walker, daughters of the house, whose charming services were a powerful factor in the sum total of success. A feature of the occasion was the large number of gentlemen who turned up between five and seven and at once paid their *devoirs* to the charming hostesses and made their adieux to Mr., Mrs. and Miss Walker, who left for California this week. Some handsome gowns adorning (or being adorned by) very lovely wearers, and the brightest echoes of social chatter, with dainty *buffet* and an atmosphere of cordiality, combined to make pleasant this popular function. I remarked the well known artistic taste of one of the aforementioned ladies in the novel arrangement of the floral embellishment of the refreshment table. The fair dame had robbed the conservatory of some very beautiful poincianas which waved their deep red banner-like petals in careless and exquisite beauty amid the brightness of crystal and silver. Among Mrs. Walker's guests were scores of well known society folk, and the roomy mansion on Victoria street held a very happy and elegant *coterie*.

The West End Whist Club met at Mr. Bonnell's, at the head of Spadina avenue, on Thursday evening.

The Comus Club were At Home to their friends on Friday evening in the club rooms at Yonge street Arcade. A very jolly evening was spent.

Mrs. James Carruthers gave a very beautiful dinner to twelve guests on Friday evening of last week. The scheme of table decorations was in pink and green; twelve radiating ribbons spread from the center-piece of flowers to each guest's place. On the end of each ribbon was the name and *menu* daintily embossed on fairy tablets. The several courses were perfectly served, and the wines above criticism.

Miss Mair, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. T. Denison of Heydon villa, returned home last week.

Miss Minnie Featherstonhaugh has been for some time at Penetang nursing her brother, Captain W. Featherstonhaugh, through an attack of brain fever. I am glad to hear her patient is much better.

Mrs. Hood of Spadina avenue entertained Mrs. Porteous of Montreal, Miss Dennistoun, Mrs. Northcote, Miss Heward, Miss Wall bridge, Miss Burnham of Port Hope, and others at luncheon last Friday.

A very enjoyable progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. Wm. McGill at her beautiful villa, Gore Vale, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 17th instant, the invited guests being all ladies. Those present were: Mrs. Scharf, Mrs. Stalker, Mrs. Graham, the Misses Sefton, Mrs. Moxon, Mrs. (Dr.) Noxon, Mrs. Gourlay, Mrs. Trent, Mrs. (Dr.) Fraleigh, Mrs. Butcher, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Hudgins. The hostess is to be congratulated upon the happy manner in which she entertained her guests. The prizes were very pretty and useful, and were won by Mrs. Hudgins and Mrs. Fraleigh. Tea was served at five o'clock in very smart style.

Mr. and Mrs. May of Lakeview avenue gave a pleasant dance on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Carruthers gave a small luncheon on Wednesday, at which a very jolly little group were guests.

On Friday evening of last week a merry party of young people, chaperoned by Mesdames Helliwell, Patriarche and Glass, drove down to Norway to the residence of Mrs. Cooper. A pleasant evening was spent in dancing, which was kept up until an early hour of the morning. Among those present were: Mrs. C. Glass (nee Patriarche), the Misses Patriarche, E. McVity, Birdie Hope, Kerr, Helliwell, Berryman, Usher, Furness, White, Michie and Lester, and Messrs. Hopkins, Patriarche, Beckett, Deacon, E. Peters, G. Wade, Godden, Kerr, Ford, Over, White, Glass, Merrick, Fletcher, Burnside, Crawford and Usher.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club have no reason to complain of the lack of support or interest accorded to their very good performances on Friday and Saturday of last week. Very fine houses greeted each performance, and a fair percentage of society people were present. On Friday two boxes were filled with handsomely gowned ladies and their escorts, Government House box being occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor and family. Mrs. Kirkpatrick looked radiant in a softly draped gown of pale blue shot.



A Common Error.

Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong--
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.

In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk,
CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed
50 MILLION POUNDS.

If he hasn't it on
sale, send his name
and your address to
Menier,
Canadian Branch,
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Always
Low
Prices

WALKER'S
33-43 KING ST. EAST.

High
Grade
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WINTER CLEARING SALE

These are the middle days of the Great Sale, and every Department bristles with the smartest bargains in the city. Prices are low; quality always the best.

Dress Goods

Silks and Satins
Velvets and Plushes

Mantles, Cloaks, Wraps and
Jackets

Fashionable Garments. Some great
snaps in fur-lined and fur-trimmed
goods.

Boots and Shoes

The most fashionable and seasonable
and best makers for Ladies', Gents'
and Children's.

Gloves, Hosiery & Underwear

The balance of the Woolen Stock is
being simply slaughtered. We don't
intend carrying a line over.

R. WALKER & SONS, 33-43
KING ST. EAST

COUTTS,



ACETOCURA
THE EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR
Rheumatism, Sciatica and
Nervous Diseases.
Mention this Paper

REV. ALEX. GILRAY,
College Street Presbyterian Church, writes:

Dear Sirs—
It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acetic Acid remedy is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your Acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue,
Toronto, 28th Nov., 1893.

For pamphlet and all information apply to
COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria St., TORONTO.

Results

EXAMINE the wash closely when
Surprise Soap is used.

NOTE that white goods are made
whiter; colored goods brighter; flannels softer.



You will see that not the slightest injury has been done the finest
laces or tenderest fabrics.

The fine results of the **Surprise Soap** washing is sufficient reason for its use—to say nothing of its economy; its labor saving properties.

'Tis not only for washing clothes that Surprise Soap is good, but it will clean everything that needs cleaning.

SURPRISE Soap is pure soap. THE ST. CROIX SOAP CO.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

with yellow, and a blue *fillet* in her very becoming *coiffure*. Mrs. Blackstock, with Mrs. Simonds and Miss Parsons, were in the stage box, and a group of attendant cavaliers filled up the background. In the stalls were several smart parties. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Miss and Messrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Croil were among the many present.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke will entertain at dinner on Thursday evening next.

Lady Gzowski's tea on Friday was an event of social importance as well as thoroughly delightful.

Mrs. Blaikie gives a tea on Thursday afternoon next.

The Misses Mason of Ermeleigh have issued cards for a young people's tea on Saturday next.

Mrs. Creelman's tea on Thursday was a most enjoyable affair.

Mrs. J. S. Playfair's was another of this week's successful teas.

Miss Coldham is slowly progressing towards a much desired convalescence.

Next Tuesday evening will be the date of the second Assembly of the Royal Grenadiers. It promises to be a social success. The Yacht Club will attend in uniform. Carriages may be ordered for 1.45. The officers are leaving nothing undone to make this Assembly extremely enjoyable.

Tickets for the *bal poudre* are in demand. I have heard a whisper that Patti will attend the ball after the concert. The tickets for the ball are two dollars.

Miss Agnes Knox (Mrs. Charlton Black) in her recital in Association Hall on Monday evening will give such selections as De Quincey's Death of Joan of Arc, Brooke's Lioness, and Shelley's Skylark, showing her desire to popularize classical English. The recital will

be under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Miss Helen King of Jarvis street has returned from a most delightful sojourn in New York and Lakewood, N. J.

Les Hiboux (French Club) meet this evening at Mrs. Beatty's, 168 Isabella street.

China Hall

Our New Premises
We offer SPECIAL PRICES on all
goods now open.

Wedding Gifts a Specialty

JUNOR & IRVING

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births
ROBERTS—At New York, on Sunday, Jan. 21, the wife of Harry P. Roberts—a daughter.
HARVEY—Jan. 20, Mrs. George S. Harvey—a son.
RECORD—Jan. 21, Mrs. Herbert Record—a daughter.
WRIGHT—Jan. 19, Mrs. J. M. Wright—a daughter (still-born).
CANT—Barnford, Jan. 21, Mrs. J. Cant—a daughter.
SMITH—Jan. 16, Mrs. F. J. D. Smith—a son.
HICKEY—Algonia, Jan. 19, Mrs. C. Hickey—a daughter.
WOOD—Jan. 14, Mrs. E. C. F. Wood—a son.

Marriages
MEHARG—POWELL—On Jan. 20, at St. John's church, Toronto, by Rev. Alexander Williams, Walter E. Meharg, to Alice Ida Powell, daughter of Mr. Charles Powell.

DALRY—DEMPSEY—Jan. 11, Osborne Edward Dalry to Helen Maude Dempsey.

PARKER—SANDERSON—Jan. 17, John Parker to Mary Sanderston.

Deaths
BOULTON—Suddenly at the residence of her son, Melfort Boulton, on the morning of the 19, Margaret Nellina, widow of the late James Boulton, barrister-at-law.

THE MASON & RISCH
PIANOS are the instruments of the cultured.

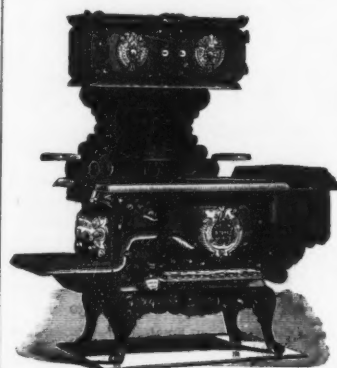
To be without one is to be without a main factor in musical enjoyment. Tone, touch and workmanship are perfection. We solicit correspondence, and will mail illustrated pamphlets and price lists containing valuable information on application.

The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.

32 King Street West

"Souvenir" Ranges

— ARE —
THE LEADERS



AND ARE UNEQUALLED FOR
Baking
Heating Water
Economy of Fuel
and Durability

And are well made and handsome. Fitted with

"Aerated" Oven and Genuine
Duplex Grate

EVERY RANGE WARRANTED

MANUFACTURED BY

The GURNEY, TILDEN CO.

HAMILTON, ONT.

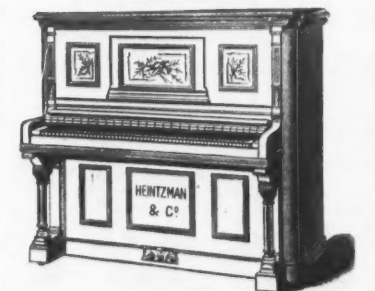
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M. Hancock	78 Jarvis Street
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J. T. Kinsman	371 Yonge Street
A. Maas	584 Queen Street West
A. G. McIntyre	466 Queen Street West
James Ivory	688 Queen Street West
J. T. Wilson	168 Queen Street West

ROBERTS—At New York, on Sunday, Jan. 21, the infant daughter of Harry P. and Minnie Roberts.
BURNS—Jan. 21, G. A. Burns, aged 41.
MOORE—Hamilton, Jan. 20, W. F. Moore, aged 74.
LESLIE—Jan. 14, Margaret Leslie.
GRIFFITH—Jan. 14, Robert M. Griffith, aged 68.
HUNTER—Jan. 19, Mary M. Hunter.
HUNTER—Jan. 19, Lizzie Chambers Hunter.
MCDOY—Jan. 21, Reginald Ray McDoy, aged 4.
SINCLAIR—Jan. 22, Christian Bain Sinclair, aged 79.
LAWRENCE—Jan. 22, Lydia Lawrence, aged 9.
POLLOCK—Jan. 23, Charles Pollock, aged 66.
DAVIDSON—Jan. 4, Margaret Davidson, aged 82.
ALCOCK—Jan. 24, Mary Anne Alcock.
WOODLAND—Jan. 24, Emma J. Woodland.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

PIANOS



When selecting a Piano...
INSIST ON GETTING A

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

They are acknowledged by all to be the best in the market.

HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King Street West

Every Appliance

Of the newest and best, for the perfect treatment of all classes of cleaning and dyeing is employed by the B. A. Dyeing Co. This enables them to guarantee the fullest satisfaction.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
GOLD MEDALIST 1883

TORONTO OFFICES—90 King St. East, 458 Queen St. West, 4284 Yonge St.

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General Steamship and Tourist Agency
WHEREVER DESIRED
Bermuda, Nassau, California, Florida, Cuba, Jamaica, Mexico, West Indies, etc., Riviera, Azores, Madeira, Egypt, Palestine, etc. By any route required. Fare reduced on independent tours, as passengers may be COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE. Agency Canadian and York Trans-Atlantic Lines, Trans-Pacific Lines, Mediterranean Lines and Southern Lines, together with system of transportation in any part of the globe.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY BERMUDA

Forty-eight hours from New York
BARBADOS TRINIDAD
And other West India Islands every ten days.
SPECIAL CRUISE
Jan. 10, Feb. 17, March 24
RED STAR LINE
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